LIBERALISM AND LABOUR, by LORD LOTHIAN

PERIODICAL ROOM
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The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Easter egg presented to Germany last week by the League of Nations was received as everyone expected it would be. The German press broke into a storm of indignation—mingled with expressions of surprise that friendly States, and especially Great Britain, should support this vote of censure. The surprise—if indeed it was genuine—illustrates the usual German difficulty in appreciating foreign opinion. The official protest was in pretty moderate terms—as for that matter was the censure itself. The German Government reserved the right to make a full reply, and it is on the drafting of that presumably that Herr Hitler and his lieutenants are engaged as we write. The tone of his reply will depend no doubt on his estimate of what Nazi prestige and Nazi opinion will stand. He can argue that the Geneva resolution was but the shadow; he has got a great chunk of substance. Germany has not yet been "encircled"; the door is left open for her to come back to the League, if nationalist sentiment will allow her.

The League and the Pact

There is in this country a widespread sympathy with the German people's grievances. But the Germans cannot trade on this sympathy indefinitely, and the evidence to-day is that Germany alone among the powers is deliberately preparing to plunge us shortly into another war. We are surely not estopped by what M. Clemenceau and President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George did sixteen years ago from protecting ourselves and our children from disaster. How can we do that except through the League—a stronger and more honest League? It is argued by some that the solidarity shown in these last weeks at Stresa and at Geneva was in reality a sign of the weakening of the League, a movement towards another triple entente of Britain, France and Italy, which would dispense with the rest—including Russia. That is a danger, but not at present a reality. There is, as there has always been, a considerable body of French opinion which is opposed to the Franco-Russian pact, which argues that the Russians ask too much, that such a pact would cut across Locarno and let Great Britain out of her obligations, and a dozen other things. But the majority, including the General Staff, thinks otherwise, and it appears that the hitch is likely to be surmounted and the pact initialled before long. This pact, even if it is not what the founders of the League contemplated, is within the League framework. It is not a threat against Germany; it is an insurance against her. And if the Germans do not particularly like it, they have declared (in the message sent to Stresa) that they would raise no objection to it.

The Schutzbund Sentences

Once the initial mistake of trying the Schutzbund leaders had been made long sentences were inevitable. For the alternative—to acquit them as men who had tried to save the constitution and offered over and over again to disband their forces if the Heimwehr were also disbanded—would have amounted to an ordinance of self-condemnation by the Government. Twenty out of the twenty-one men accused of high treason have received sentences amounting in all to 129 years' rigorous imprisonment. The court conducted the case with a correct observance of the judicial forms, but obviously under instructions only to bring in a verdict of guilty and to impose heavy sentences. The defence was therefore allowed enough latitude to keep up appearances, but not enough to expose the truth. The indictment was kept from the knowledge of the defending counsel until the trial was begun, defending counsel were treated with marked hostility by the court, and the protection which free newspaper reporting would have afforded was refused. The official reports in the Viennese press consistently omitted everything favourable to the accused, and papers like the *Reichspost* and the *Weltblatt* were permitted before and during the trial to denounce the accused and to describe their conduct as treasonable. Even so, the principal Government witness, the police spy Korbel, broke down and lost himself in a maze of lies, with the result that the principal count—that the accused had taken part in a meeting at which revolution had been plotted—had to be dropped. The accused men had none of them fought themselves—they were arrested before the fighting began. The actual fighters were charged with the minor offence of creating *Aufruhr*—tumult. These men go to prison for the crime of planning to prevent the destruction of the democratic liberties of Austria. The effect of such a decision will be far-reaching. The Nazis are everywhere rejoicing that the Schuschnigg Government should have proved to the Austrian workmen that for a Socialist Italian-Schuschnigg Fascism is not substantially better than rule by Hitler.

Bulgaria

The political crisis in Bulgaria last week-end fell far short of the revolution that the first excited newspaper reports seemed to hint at. The Zlatev Government resigned over a complicated series of personal and factional disputes. There were alarums and excursions and a few arrests in Sofia, and King Boris eventually settled the matter by calling on M. Toshev, an elderly diplomatic dug-out, to form a Cabinet. It is not clear yet what M. Toshev is going to do. He began by declaring that he would not go back on the policy of his predecessors—the military oligarchy which seized power not long ago and has been dabbling in Fascism. This statement, however, was not taken very seriously. It was generally assumed that the change of government pointed to a return from dictatorship to democracy, and an official manifesto was in fact issued on Monday heralding a new Constitution. But those who want that—the King and the great mass of the peasant population of the country can doubtless be reckoned among them—may not have an altogether easy task. There is no outstanding popular leader or effective popular party; and the soldier-politicians though disunited and discredited at the moment, may yet be capable of preventing any solid political settlement.

The American Tangle

In the United States Congress has at last got to work on the drafting of the Bill which is to extend the life of the N.R.A. Senator Huey Long is breathing more fury than ever about Federal intervention in the distribution of relief in Louisiana and the conditions imposed on the States in connection with the cost of public works. Another storm has broken over the Social Security Bill, the States wanting the Federal authorities to assume a far larger part of the cost than the President's scheme proposes; and there is much trouble over the processing taxes, especially in the cotton trade, which is deeply depressed. The cotton manufacturers maintain that the tax eats up all possible profits and results in restricted demand and competition from Japanese imports—which are not, however, in fact very great. They want a still higher tariff and the transference of the cost of the cotton-growers' subsidy from the processors to the Federal tax-payers. At the same time the growers complain of inadequate prices in spite of the subsidy, on account of the depression of demand. The President has ordered a special inquiry into Japanese competition, and into the position of the cotton trade as a whole. He will not readily take over the cost of the subsidy to the growers; for, if the processing tax were given up in the case of cotton, it could hardly be retained for other commodities. Thus, the clamour for more help from Federal funds grows louder. Mr. Morganthau, from the Treasury, has issued a new warning that the Federal purse is not bottomless; but some concessions to the States over the cost of the Social Security Bill will clearly have to be made. The New Deal, in its 1935 phase, is encountering plenty of troubles just now; and amid them all Mr. Roosevelt's general course is harder than ever to discern.

The Empire and the Jubilee

Information reaches us from India that there is a general expectation that the occasion of the Jubilee will be marked by an amnesty for purely political prisoners. Such an amnesty might go some way towards removing the impression that for the mass of Indian Nationalists the Jubilee is no more than a cruel farce. There are a large number of civil resisters in Indian prisons against whom no acts of violence, or indeed no acts at all (unless "disloyal" sentiments count as such), are even alleged. The release of Jawaharlal Nehru, the United Provinces leader, who has now served about fifteen months of his two-year sentence, would be regarded as a reasonable concession, and the Mohammedan community are equally hopeful that Abdul Gaffar Khan, who was also sentenced to two years' imprisonment, will be released now that he has served six months. These men's offences are to have used strong language; to have protested violently against the unconstitutional nature of British rule. In the same way, if the British Government wishes to use the Jubilee for purposes of conciliation, it will pay attention to the lengthy Petition which has been presented to the King by the Aborigines' Rights Protection Society of the Gold Coast. This society is no hole-and-corner affair: the chiefs of British West Africa are members of it and it is developing into an organisation not unlike Congress in India. The final grievance that has brought it into the open was a Sedition Bill, nominally, of course, for use only against "agitators" and "Communists," but

actually couched in terms which permit of the widest inroads into the most ordinary civil rights. Here again the Government has an opportunity of showing that the Empire is not what its critics say that it is.

The Teachers and the Distressed Areas

Mr. A. J. Lush, of Tredegar, scored the success of the Teachers' Conference with his speech about the position of the distressed areas. He began by pointing out the sheer impossibility for the L.E.A.s in these areas of developing satisfactorily their services in accordance with modern needs, so that there existed a real class difference in the quality of education between area and area, as well as according to the parents' means. He went on to show the growingly desperate financial condition of the Rhondda and other centres of intense unemployment, and to urge that the time would soon come when local authorities would have to choose between cutting teachers' salaries and scales of relief to the destitute. What Mr. Lush wanted was a new system of distributing educational grants according to need—to which the N.U.T. Executive was opposed—and, apart from that, a more generous national provision in aid of the distressed areas for social services generally, as well as for education. Under the conference standing orders these issues could not come to a direct vote; and the proposal to make educational grants vary directly with needs raises many complications. But the general case is clear. Children are being penalised, educationally as well as socially, for the misfortune of living in derelict or distressed areas; and this can be prevented only by the provision of larger central grants available for the development of the social services in these parts of the country. When the Government at long last does raise the school-leaving age, there will clearly have to be a thorough overhauling of our present method of financing the educational services.

The Trade of the World

The gold value of world trade, according to figures just issued by the League of Nations, fell from 24,224 million old gold dollars in 1933 to 23,375 millions in 1934. In 1929 it was 68,606 millions. These figures look pretty bad, in face of what has been said about last year's improvement; but they are not quite so bad as they look, because the gold standard of measurement is bound to be somewhat misleading. In terms of gold, British exports fell last year from 1,217 million old dollars to 1,190 millions; but in terms of sterling they rose from £30.6 millions to £33 millions, while sterling wholesale prices rose by between two and three per cent. and the sterling cost of living by less than one per cent. The gold bloc countries, for which there is no offset through currency depreciation, suffered worst. French exports fell from 724 million old gold dollars to 698½ millions, and Belgium, Holland, and Italy all had falls to record. But, owing to the still sharper restriction of imports, most of the gold countries greatly reduced their visible adverse balances of trade—France from 390 million old dollars to 205 millions, Belgium from 22 millions to 7, Holland from 194 millions to 131. Italy, on the other hand, had a higher adverse balance—125 millions as against 75—and was driven off gold. The favourable balance of the U.S.A. rose, in old gold dollars, from 161 millions to 278, and in depreciated dollars from 179 millions to 389. On the other hand, Germany, despite her restrictions on imports, turned a favourable balance of 159 million old dollars in 1933 into a debit balance of 67 millions in 1934. Total German imports rose in both weight and value, whereas exports rose a little in weight, but fell sharply in value. Thus, all the restrictions on imports made possible by greater *Autarkie* in foodstuffs and a low standard of life have been swept away by increased imports—for what? Largely for rearmament.

The Case of Professor Kapitza

It is to be hoped that the Soviet Government will reconsider their decision about Professor Kapitza. Their desire to keep him in Russia is intelligible enough. He is one of that small and brilliant group of creative scientists who under the leadership of Lord Rutherford have recently added so much to the already illustrious record of the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge. Professor Kapitza's work had reached a critical point: his new laboratory, equipped at great expense, seemed likely to enable him to carry through some of the most important physical experiments of modern times. He has always been on the best of terms with the Soviet authorities and asks, we understand, only a period of two or three more years in England in order to complete the particular piece of work on which he is engaged. To break off his work at this time is to do grave damage to science and also to set up a precedent which we should have thought the Russian authorities would have been anxious to avoid. Their regard for science and their appreciation of its international character has always been genuine. There is at the root of the matter a basic divergence of view about the rights of the State over the individual. But even leaving this aside we should have thought it clear that to refuse Professor Kapitza his passport to England was not the best way to benefit Russian science. We are sure that the Soviet authorities will do all that they can to give him facilities for his research in Russia. But a hint of coercion may be enough completely to destroy creative work.

A Jubilee Number—With a Difference

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be a special Jubilee Number. We aim not at celebrating the chequered history of the last twenty-five years, but at presenting a picture of England twenty-five years ago, leaving readers to draw their own conclusions and contrasts. 1910 was, in many ways, a landmark and gives Mr. Desmond MacCarthy an admirable jumping-off ground for discussing the pre-war drama, and Mr. Clive Bell the artistic standards into which in that year the first English Post-Impressionist Exhibition exploded. Mr. David Garnett will discuss literature, Mr. Gerald Heard science, and Mr. G. W. Stonier music. Mr. C. M. Lloyd will review the social conditions of twenty-five years ago, Mr. G. D. H. Cole the structure of industrial institutions, and the leading article will deal with the position of the Crown during a period of acute political crisis. Y.Y. threatens an article on "Things in General," and Mr. David Low is producing a special cover in two colours, entitled "1910 and All That."

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ON CONFERENCES

EASTER is the season of Conferences, when from far and near the delegates of this or that society or federation gather together to pass judgment on the work of the year, to decide upon future policy and, last but not least, in and out of the conference chamber endlessly to discuss. Some of the most important conferences are indeed held at other seasons—the Trades Union Congress and the Labour Party Conference in the autumn, the Conservative Annual Conference who knows or cares when, the grand general jamboree of all the educational bodies just after Christmas, and so on. But at Easter smaller hosts gather in greater numbers than at any other season, filling the hotels of great cities, seaside resorts and inland spas; and the sound of much talk goes up to heaven not in vain.

The Conference is as essential a part of British democracy as the "collective" is of the new social life of the U.S.S.R. It is an essential instrument of almost every type of society possessing a social object. Some societies doubtless content themselves with a mere annual meeting in London, which they hardly expect more than a handful of their members to attend. But to rest content with this is a sign of lack of vitality; and if there is real life in a society, it is almost certain sooner or later to grow a real Conference at which its active members can blow off steam. At least, that is so if it is a society with branches scattered over the country; for how else is the Executive to be told what the members are thinking, or effectively given its marching orders for the ensuing year?

Thus, last week-end, great numbers of delegates were in conference all over England. The teachers were demanding that the school-leaving age should be raised at once, and the school system so reformed as to provide real secondary education for all. The "Schoolmasters"—that is, the exclusively masculine sectional rival of the N.U.T.—were singing their annual hymn against equal pay for the sexes. The Co-operative Party was proclaiming itself the party with the largest affiliated membership of all, passing a decisively pacifist resolution against the will of its leaders, and demanding better consideration for its candidates from its ally, the Labour Party, at the next election. The Distributive Workers, who organise the Co-operative employees, were pointing out, not for the first time, that Co-operative Societies are not always perfect employers; while their rival, the Shop Assistants' Union, was trying to draw up a plan for the public control of the distributive trades. The postal workers were discussing Sir Kingsley Wood's recent reforms; and, at the I.L.P. Conference, Mr. Maxton and others were explaining why, despite their perfect solidarity with the U.S.S.R., they do not just see their way to being swallowed up by the Communist Party of Great Britain. At many other Conferences, many other subjects were being talked about; but samples must serve, lest a catalogue weary the readers' patience.

Now, it is easy enough to suggest that, at most of these Conferences, a great deal of time was being spent in unprofitable discussion, or even that a certain proportion of the delegates attended them less for the sake of the business to be transacted than as a holiday jaunt. It remains true that these gatherings are indispensable if the societies they represent are not to become fossilised and bureaucratised, and if they are to be kept effectively in touch with what their members want and do not want. There is plenty of bad discussion; but no one has yet discovered a technique for getting the required good sense put forward without having the nonsense thrown in. There are delegates who attend only for the jaunt; but no one has yet found out a way of ensuring that the right people shall always get elected, either to Parliament or to lesser bodies. The point is that somehow, at most Conferences, most of the business does get quite sensibly done, and, if there is quite a lot of foolish or irrelevant talk, there are really not many foolish resolutions.

The art of collective common sense, towards cultivating which our endless Conferences make a most important contribution, is an essential ingredient of political wisdom. There is far more chance of sensible political behaviour from people who have been used to running their own multifarious concerns through a host of democratically organised societies than there is where the genius for spontaneous combination is less developed, or more repressed. Nothing will turn a fool into a wise man; but the fool may behave a good deal less foolishly if he is used to free and open discussion, to the acceptance without heat of points of difference—in short, to that tolerance of other opinions which every democratic society has in some degree to practise if it is not to fall instantly asunder. The associative habit, and the conference habit with it, do much to give our politics that peculiar quality of finding a way round seemingly irreconcilable differences that is the despair of fanatics and often the wonder of foreign observers. That habit helped to save us from bloodshed in 1926; and it may yet help us to muddle through to some sort of Socialism without the interlude of violence which Moscow regards as the hall-mark of genuine revolution.

Of course, for association to have these properties, it must be association of unlikes as well as of likes. There is nothing that makes for sensible political adjustment in enrolling in, say, the S.A. of the years before the Nazi revolution. What gives our associative habit its peculiar quality is that people's associations are so numerous and mixed. The same person may turn up as a delegate in the course of the year at the Labour Party Conference and at other gatherings devoted to the interests of Methodism, Peace, Prohibition and a number of other causes; while his fellow Labour delegate may go off to Conferences of the British Legion and the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. Teachers of all parties and creeds gather together without quarrelling overmuch about their politics or their religion. Some Conferences bring different classes together, and others different nationalities. There is endless mixing and comparing notes, which stands in the way of getting up a really good hate against those from whom one differs.

Or again, outside the Conference Hall, how much is done? Delegates from different parts of the country foregather, exchange experiences, get fresh ideas to experiment with in their own districts. These contacts keep them alive and fresh; and quite a number of Conferences are held even more for their sake than for what is said and done in the formal sessions. This is not so true of the Easter as of the summer gatherings; for most of the Easter Conferences have a definite business purpose, and have to attend more strictly to their formal labours

than the more leisured assemblies of the summer months. But even in the most crowded Conference, out-of-session conversation plays an important and salutary part. It, equally with the set debates, is an essential element in the working of a democratically minded society.

So, if any of our readers has ever said to himself that Conferences are a dreadful waste of time, and he will never attend another, we adjure him to think again. If he was bored, may that not have been his fault; and can he imagine our society working as smoothly, or our public institutions being as well administered, if we had not those schools of democratic self-government and give-and-take to teach us the art of managing our common affairs? For, in reality as well as form, most of these Conferences are democratic. One may inveigh now and then against the domination of the platform; and in truth accomplished officials can sometimes pull off remarkable tricks. But mostly the delegates get what they want, when they want anything; and with quite reasonable adequacy the delegates do represent the members who chose them and will in due course receive their reports. Some Conferences are too big for really good discussion, and at more the average age of the delegates is too high. But, take them for all in all, Conferences are good, and the more the merrier. That is, if we wish to be a democracy and to make the great changes that lie ahead of us in democratic ways.

BEFORE THE JUGOSLAV ELECTIONS

I.—SERBIA.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

IT is impossible to explain the significance of the elections which are to be held in Jugoslavia on May 5 without a brief examination of the more recent history of the Triune Kingdom of the Serbs, the Croats, and the Slovenes. The outside world has accustomed itself by now to speak of Jugoslavia, and to forget the remarkably composite character of the kingdom now ruled from Belgrade. But this is the essence of the Jugoslav problem, for it stimulates an uncompromising centralism in Serbia and aggravates resistance elsewhere. Some six million Serbs are in fact trying to turn three to four million Croats, one million Slovenes, and smaller minorities of Bosnians, Hungarians, Germans, Albanians, Macedonians, Turks and Bulgars, into Serbs like themselves. The Serbs are a brave, vigorous and primitive people, simple but independently minded peasants who make magnificent soldiers. They feel that they have only regained a national existence by making no compromise either with Turkish or Austro-Hungarian influences. Their orthodox religion means nothing recognisably Christian to them, but it is the armour with which they have defended themselves against Mohammedan pressure from Constantinople and Catholic pressure from Vienna and Budapest. Above all they abhor the social inheritance which they detect among the ex-subjects of Sultan and Habsburg, for they understand nothing but absolute social equality—the roughest Serb peasant is socially inferior to no one. They accuse the Croats and Slovenes of retaining the servility which their feudal dependence induced in the days of Austrian or Hungarian rule. The Serbs detested the feudal land system imposed in the old days by the Turks. It can be imagined that the Bosnian Moslems, descended from Serbs and Croats who became Mohammedan in order to qualify for large-scale land tenure, have been pretty roughly handled since they became the subjects of Belgrade. There are a good 600,000 of these, and it is easy to understand that their political leader, Spaho, has decided to join the anti-Government movement.

To the Serb patriot the only method by which the liberation of Slovenia, Dalmatia, Croatia-Slavonia, Voivodina and Bosnia from Austria-Hungary can be completed is by Serbianising these provinces—all traces of "foreign" culture are to be eradicated. Serb officers complain that the Croats and the Slovenes demanded that the Jugoslav frontier should be as far north-west as it is to-day; they thus presented the Jugoslav generals with the defence of much more territory and a much more difficult frontier than they at all cared about. If they accepted this task, they consider that the Croats and Slovenes must be prepared to sacrifice their local autonomy in return; if the frontier is dangerous, the need for centralisation is all the greater.

During the first decade after 1919 the attempt to stretch the constitutional apparatus of pre-war Serbia to post-war Jugoslavia collapsed. Parliamentary democracy broke down for many reasons. The majority of voters were illiterate, and were now called to play the sovereign people in decisions of a magnitude for which local knowledge and peasant sense were wholly inadequate. Party quarrels had the bitterness of semi-national conflicts, and led to the murder of the great Croat peasant leader, Raditch, in the Skuptschina in 1928. The rapid economic development of the country presented quasi-peasant politicians, who lacked urban and administrative traditions and for whom money (unlike the wealth in kind to which they were accustomed) had a magical glamour, with the opportunity to practise corruption on an alarming scale. Foreign capitalists behaved as our own modern dramatists have taught us to expect.

On Jan. 6, 1929, King Alexander, therefore, established a royal dictatorship in Jugoslavia, the system by which he governed the country till he was struck down in Marseilles last October. A long step towards completer centralisation was taken by the co-ordination of the law; until then the various parts of the country had kept to the codes under which they had lived before the war; even now the co-ordination is not quite complete. The King tried also to obscure the old frontiers by dividing the country into nine new administrative districts, or Banovinas, which cut across the old boundaries as the *généralités*, and later the departments, of France had cut across provincial frontiers. Such measures were not without justification, and the earlier period of dictatorial rule with General Zhivkovitch as Premier had something to be said for it. Gradually, however, the King's system came into the gravest disrepute. He seemed jealous of all but the most insignificant collaborators, and far from putting an end to corruption, it was whispered—not only by exiles—that he was involved in several speculations himself. Almost a Prince of Tsarist Russia, he had absorbed large numbers of White Russian *émigrés* into the police and the bureaucracy. With the dictatorship Jugoslavia seemed to have fallen into the grasp of something like the pre-war Russian police machine; spying, cruelty and exile to the south, the Jugoslav Siberia, became the rule. Rigid censorship, a ban on all oppositional activities, a fake one-party election with open voting in 1931, and all the now familiar devices of dictators, have gradually exasperated, not only Croats, but a considerable part of the Serbian peasantry itself. Both in 1903 and before, a regime which too grossly flouted the democratic instinct of the Serb had been roughly evicted, for the Serb lacks the obedient nature of the German.

The King's death provided an admirable opportunity for a change of policy. Two of the more notorious ministers, Ouzounovitch and Maximovitch, were dismissed, after an attempt by Ouzounovitch to grasp the Regency for himself. The Croat leader Matchek was released from prison, and it was announced that "free" elections would take place on May 5, though without that modification of the electoral laws which alone could make them free. For any list to stand at an election it must, for instance, be supported by thirty signatures in half the constituencies in six out of the nine Banovinas.

This should have made it impossible for Matchek to stand. Various oppositional leaders in Serbia, however, asked Matchek to head a joint Serbo-Croat anti-Government list. In a letter of Feb. 7, referring a little gloomily to the electoral obstacles, Matchek agreed. His letter was addressed to Dragoljub Jovanovitch, the Agrarian Socialist leader in Serbia, who is perhaps the most interesting figure in Jugoslavia to-day. I have heard him called a magnificent visionary by a Croat Liberal, and the hope of the future by—of all people—a Slovene clerical. He is, at any rate, a man of courage, vigour, intelligence and charm. He is youngish and perhaps a trifle too academic, with years of economics in Paris behind him. His programme is an end to corruption and oppression, socialisation of banking and industry, and the gradual absorption of the peasantry into a democratic co-operative system; they have accused him of Communism, but he wishes each peasant to retain some property of his own. Many of the peasants know nothing of him as yet, but those who do tramp miles to bring him food and save him from starvation, for he is not long out of prison and has no means. Behind Matchek and Jovanovitch stand not only the Bosnian Moslems under Spaho, but all old democrats like Davidovitch and the followers of Prebitchevitch (who has blackguarded the King too completely to return to the country himself). Intellectuals, and especially students, are largely Communist, and will vote for the opposition, too, if they dare.

For Jevtitch's Cabinet is not very different from that of Ouzounovitch, and Government pressure, both direct and indirect, is tremendous. To sign the opposition list has already cost men their jobs, and an oppositional vote is sure to do the same. In Macedonia the police terror is so violent that no one would expect to be alive on May 6 if they voted for Matchek on May 5. At the other end of the country in Voivodina the German and Hungarian minorities are expected to vote for the Government to a man lest they lose their minority rights. The police may anywhere simply bar the way to oppositional organisers, and one may always be arrested and beaten black and blue. The opposition are allowed no meetings, and Matchek's name may not appear in a newspaper. A few Ministers have spoken on the wireless, but this is a new thing and relatively unimportant in Jugoslavia, for the peasants do not have the apparatus and it is an eighty per cent. peasant country. The Government is allowing, in addition to the Matchek and Maximovitch lists, a Fascist list, but not that of the renegade Socialist, Topalovitch. The Government has also reduced taxes and declared a moratorium for peasants' debts. Although the opposition list has technically been allowed, real co-operation between Serbia and Croatia will be difficult to achieve in the face of every kind of official obstruction.

Belgrade, April.

THE REGISTERED QUACK

THE ignominious retreat of the osteopaths at the last meeting of the Select Committee, appointed to consider the Bill that recently obtained its second reading in the House of Lords, must have made many heterodox-minded people reconsider their position. Rather than face the evidence about to be brought forward, bearing on the "scientific basis" on which the cult of osteopathy was said to rest, the promoters of the Bill decided to withdraw it, on the understanding that the Committee would discontinue its investigations. Whatever may be the technical ability of individual osteopaths, it would seem that few, even of them, have much confidence in the validity of the underlying principles they preach.

What about orthodox medicine, and *its* alleged scientific basis? Several of the witnesses called before the Select Committee as chosen representatives of the medical profession cut a pretty poor figure. Ought we to attribute their artlessness and dialectic ineptitude to simplicity and fundamental honesty, or to the weakness of their contrasted case?

What is quackery? Are we to accept the conventional medical definition that a quack is a man who practises medicine without having his name inscribed on the Medical Register; or are we to define him as one who, for money or glory, pretends to have knowledge, power, or skill which he knows he does not possess? If we accept this last definition, who among us, doctor or layman, is prepared to cast the first stone? Do not nearly all of us fear humiliation; and do we not all hesitate to throw away such power as is put into our hands—especially if we can persuade ourselves that we may use that power for what convention calls "good"?

Surely, it is motive far more than method that determines the moral justification of any act or course of conduct. A man who pretends to knowledge or skill which he knows that he does not possess merely that he may make money thereby is, judged by any social standard, an unworthy citizen. What are we to say of a doctor, aware of the potent therapeutic effect of confidence or faith, who allows—or even encourages—his patient to take for granted that he, the doctor, has greater control over the course of nature than he has in fact, in order that the patient's health may be more quickly restored? Is he a quack, or is he a physician with a lively sense of the realities? Intelligent and honest doctors hate being a party to this kind of deception, but often they are not prepared to save their own souls at the expense of the patient's health.

There is, however, another kind of doctor, with his name duly inscribed on the Medical Register. Living as we do in a competitive society, the outstanding characteristic of which is that it is regarded as almost a duty to get out of another individual just as much money as we can persuade him we are worth to him, it is not surprising that most people—including a very large proportion of doctors—come to the conclusion that the wisest policy consists in selling people what they think they want, rather than what they need. I have before me a prospectus which was sent to me a few years ago by some enterprising member of my profession. It invited me to take out a correspondence course in "Medical Tactics and the Management of Patients." It is pointed out that "no text-book tells the various means by which confidence is produced, how to avoid having dissatisfied patients, and how to steer clear of the annoyances, humiliations, the hundred-and-one pitfalls with which every doctor is beset." The syllabus itself is interesting and entertaining. One section is headed "Influencing Patients through the Aesthetic Faculties," among the items in this section being: "The Doctor's House. The front of the House. The Door. The Consulting-Room. How it should be furnished. The instruments that should be seen. Those that should not be seen. The impressions that should be made. How the Doctor should be dressed." Under the section headed: "Influencing Patients through the Emotions," we have such intriguing sub-headings as: "The importance of arousing every possible favourable impression. The feelings that can be created by manner. Manner when the diagnosis is doubtful. The means by which respect is produced. Gratitude, how aroused. A golden rule. Admiration for professional skill. How created. What every patient should be made to think. How to show attention and interest. Attitude to treatment other than one's own. The sixteen impressions to be made in ordinary cases," and so on. All very funny; but the fact remains that nearly every successful medical practice is largely based on the deliberate or the intuitive carrying out of just such rules of shrewdness.

It would of course be a poor and ineffective medical art that took no account of human nature, and it is no small sacrifice that the conscientious and truth-loving doctor is called upon to make when he has to decide between preserving his own formal intellectual honesty and restoring his patient to health. I doubt if one quarter of the prescriptions given to credulous patients by distinguished physicians in Harley Street are given because the prescriber believes in the material potency of the particular drugs he orders.

Sir Henry Brackenbury, the leading spokesman of the B.M.A. at the recent osteopath inquiry, gave as one of his chief

criticisms the fact that the osteopaths claim " that the body contains within itself all that is necessary to cure disease." It is, of course, easy to show that this is not literally or universally true. But it probably is near enough true, so far as ninety per cent. of all illnesses are concerned. There are very few diseases for which we as yet can prescribe a specific remedy obtained from outside the human body. Those disorders due to insufficient supply of this or that vitamin can often be rectified by furnishing in the dietary the lacking element. So with some of the endocrine deficiencies—myxoedema ; up to a point, diabetes ; up to a point, pernicious anaemia. These and such diseases are now treated by scientific methods ; that is to say, on the basis of discovered physiological knowledge. But Ambroise Pare's profound observation, " Je l'ay pansay : Dieu l'a guerit," though it has become almost a cliché, remains the expression of a general therapeutic truth. How best to help—either by the removal of obstacles or by direct encouragement—the automatic healing powers of the human body and mind is, so far as the majority of their patients are concerned, the principal problem which doctor and osteopath and Christian Scientist and Nature-curist have to tackle.

In the solution, drugs play a relatively minor part. Faith and confidence play a far larger one. Every intelligent doctor to-day knows this ; yet nearly every physician prescribes a collection of extracts, tinctures, salines, or synthetic chemical compounds, for nearly every patient who consults him. I doubt if usually he believes in the physiological potency of five per cent. of these prescriptions. I certainly don't. Generally, if the doctor is reasonably conscientious, he accompanies his note for the chemist with a little good advice and with a faith-provoking look of self-satisfied knowingness. In other words, he is, consciously or unconsciously, trying to create confidence ; and to that end he is prepared to use materials which nearly all lay folk believe to have almost mystic significance.

I suspect that the most gullible of all people are among the most highly educated. Elisha Perkins' " Tractors " and Graham's " Celestial Bed " included among their patrons some of the most distinguished individuals of their times. Nearly every new scientific discovery lends itself to the almost universal appetite for magic. Electricity, radium, the endocrines and vitamins—all of these in turn have been exploited by registered and unregistered quacks and fanatics, educated and uneducated alike. It is not always easy to distinguish between the quack and the honest fanatic, especially when the individual is a highly cultivated person. Even professional philosophers like Bishop Berkeley and Mr. Bernard Shaw are as ready to universalise from a few trivial particulars as is the simplest farm labourer or cook-general. I have seen " Yadil " served as a beverage on the luncheon table of one of our most celebrated men of letters. What wonderful claims have been, and still are, made for serum therapy and for rejuvenating injections and transplantations, and how ready have many registered doctors been—some through credulity, others from less innocent motives—to satisfy the popular demand. Fashionable doctors are not always those on whom their colleagues look with the greatest respect. As Dr. Robert Hutchison has aphoristically put it, " A fashion is but an epidemic fad."

Science is concerned with generalities and probabilities. The public demands ultimate certainties. Hence the almost universal worship of authority—no matter what the source or basis of that authority. The average doctor, in spite of his specialist education, is, after all, an average human being. He, also, is a slave to this authority worship. Think of the centuries through which Galen and his bottle of medicine have reigned supreme within the realms of orthodoxy.

It is a strange fact that whenever medicine becomes more rational and scientific—less magical—the popular belief in doctors wanes. So long as physiological ignorance remains almost universal, intellectual honesty and benevolent medical practice would seem to be mutually incompatible.

HARRY ROBERTS

AN EASTER DIARY

I HAVE been wandering about the South Downs this Easter, and from time to time, when the larks did not make too much noise, thinking about the Jubilee. I know this is not a correct thing to do. The Jubilee—or Jububilee, as irreverent journalists call it—is a subject for feeling, not for thought. And I am completely unable to feel properly about it. To me this twenty-fifth anniversary does not seem an occasion for rejoicing. In 1910 it seemed at least possible that civilisation was spreading, that men had set their feet on a path which would lead to greater happiness, to a future less hampered by superstitions, less haunted by the fear of poverty and the spectre of war. With the best will in the world, I cannot but think that this hope is disappointed. The growing internationalism of twenty-five years ago has given way to an intenser nationalism. War of a still more terrible kind seems at least as imminent as it was in 1910. The immense strides made by science have been perverted. Unemployment is ten times as great as it was then, and poverty and insecurity are a result of improvements which should have led to peace and plenty. Surely, I said to myself, this is an occasion not for jubilation, but for a *Miserere* in St. Paul's ?

* * *

Back in London, the preparations for festivities which make London look like a barbers' gala reminded me that even to suggest such sentiments would be offensive to some people. Seats for the mighty at ten, twelve and fifteen guineas ? I wish I could believe that it was genuine fun. I asked if, for instance, these decorated poles were to be used for reviving the ancient British ceremony of dancing round the Maypole ? Shopkeepers thought it unlikely, and one of them told me that the recent festivities when Prince George and Princess Marina were married had been, from his point of view, a " complete frost." The romantic and loyal postcards with their cupids' bows and Union Jacks had simply not sold. Fleet Street confirmed this trade view. The royal marriage had been overdone even from the commercial point of view. Publishers, too, confessed some doubts whether there would be adequate sales for the immense spate of Jubilee publications. I am told there are about forty Jubilee books. I have a selection before me, all by well-known writers. First there is *The King's Grace* (Hodder and Stoughton, 5*s*.) by John Buchan, who is now appointed Governor-General of Canada, and whose admirable war thrillers used to be, I have been told, the favourite reading of the King himself. As one might expect from so accomplished a writer, this Jubilee book is written with dignity and distinction. But it is not free from the sycophantic sentimentality which seems *de rigueur* on these occasions. Nor are John Drinkwater's *The King's Reign* (Methuen, 5*s*.) or Sir John Marriott's *The Reign of King George V* (Methuen, 2*s*. 6*d*.) or Sir Philip Gibbs' *The King's Jubilee* (Hutchinson, 3*s*. 6*d*.). This last is certainly a notable publishing feat. For the price of 3*s*. 6*d*. you get 512 pages with 500 photographs illustrating the reign. It must be the cheapest book on record. But not one of these publications gives even a hint of the less agreeable realities. We are told, perfectly correctly, of the admirable way in which the Royal Family has carried out its duties. We see them opening bazaars and launching ships and inspecting troops and talking into the microphone. We are told that they are not only patrons of art but connoisseurs. Their genuine interest in housing and slum clearance is properly stressed. Their careful avoidance of partisanship and their success in retaining and increasing the popularity of the Crown is emphasised. There is a great deal about the war and something about the Irish and House of Lords' crises before the war. All that is as it should be. But there is also what appears to me a wicked assumption that the war is rightly regarded as a great and glorious victory and nothing else, and that the less said about unemployment, social inequality and class-feeling, the better. A foreigner reading these books would be surprised to learn that this country

alone is prosperous, and that owing to the peculiar genius of the British monarchy, our steady constitutional development is as secure for the future as it has been in the past.

* * *

I have found one discordant note—a little pamphlet called *The Jubilee and How*, by T. A. Jackson, price 1*d*. It is a Communist production, cleverly written and giving the truth as it must appear to many of the unemployed. It turns the Jubilee up the other way round and looks at it from the bottom upwards. It says that the net outcome of these twenty-five years is as follows: (1) they have cost Britain "a million dead and a million maimed for life and a hundred-fold increase in the National Debt"; (2) "The people of Ireland, India and Egypt, to say nothing of elsewhere, permanently united in nationalistic hostility to the British Crown and Empire"; (3) and even more dubious—"an enormous increase in the intensity of toil, with a definite decrease in real wages plus an enormous multiplication of the risk of unemployment"; (4) "The country in a state of unemployment, economic and political crisis"; (5) "The unemployed army increased to a minimum of two millions"; and (6) "Governmental powers for the repression of the workers increased." No one can deny that there is substantial truth in this summary, though I should dispute the statement that real wages have fallen, while Egypt and Ireland, which have been pretty successful in their Nationalist revolts, are bad examples to have chosen. What, however, a critic must point out is that it is almost as one-sided an account as those of Sir Philip Gibbs, John Drinkwater and the rest. For there have been substantial gains for the workers as well as losses. And this Communist attack suffers, it seems to me, from one common fault. It rightly emphasises the political and industrial propagandist element in the Jubilee celebrations, but it totally omits any reference to the genuine nationalism amongst the working classes. Nationalist propaganda could not succeed if it did not find a ready response among the masses. All this Left attack suffers from the defect of similar propaganda in pre-Hitler Germany, and it will lead to disaster here if it continues to disregard the strength of instinctive nationalism.

* * *

By chance I picked up a book which appears to me to do the job just as it should be done, *I Was a Prisoner* (Miles, 5*s*.). It is written by William Holt and illustrated by Arthur Wragg with a foreword by "Dick" Sheppard. It is not too much to say that Mr. Holt has added to that remarkable list of prison classics from Boethius to John Bunyan, from Oscar Wilde to Ernst Toller. After an adventurous and varied career, Mr. Holt had a safe job, but found himself siding with the local unemployed who were demonstrating against the Means Test. He was arrested and locked up for nine months. He describes without a hint of recrimination or sentimentalism what it was like to be in prison. He had that kind of vitality which enabled him to enter into the lives of other, usually less innocent, prisoners. He should, I think, do extremely well as an author. His writing is simple, vivid and often beautiful. If his book seems in its way an effective protest against celebrations, which must for a large part of the community be insincere, that is because it is not meant to have anything to do with the Jubilee. He sets out not to attack or to shout, but to tell the truth as directly and sincerely as he can.

* * *

There are, I think, aspects of the last twenty-five years which one can celebrate without hypocrisy. I am not thinking only of improvements in working-class conditions, of better social legislation and greater leisure. Indeed, it would be difficult to say that the greater leisure is at present a benefit. Someone pointed out the other day that the twentieth-century man will move heaven and earth to gain five minutes and not have the least idea what to do with them when he has succeeded. But that applies more to the upper classes than to the younger members of the working and lower middle class. I am quite sure the children have a happier time in 1935 than they did in 1910, and I am equally sure that what is generally called "the emancipation of women" means an enormous increase in happiness. The young men and women who pour out of towns like Sheffield and Manchester, or whom I saw hiking in Sussex this Easter, have won a genuine freedom which was impossible when King George V came to the throne.

* * *

I had difficulty in finding a lodging on Sunday night. Eventually I took a room with three beds in it and they seemed to be the last beds to be had in the town. The next people to demand them were a couple of office girls spending their Easter walking from place to place, and the hotel dissolved into uproarious mirth about the problem whether they could occupy the double bed, while I occupied the single. Everybody enjoyed themselves and had more drinks all round on the strength of it. In the end I had a bed taken down to the smoke-room and let them have my bedroom. The problem of accommodation for hikers is, of course, being met to a large extent by the Youth Hostels Association. You can now walk from almost anywhere to almost anywhere else in England and find hostels at distances of not more than 15 miles. But even so, if I go back to this inn next year, I expect to find the lounge used as a general bedroom for the night, with people sleeping on the billiard table and on the floor and on the settees. Indeed, my hostess might have adopted this solution last Sunday, but for the fact that she had a bar in the corner of the room and feared that if she filled the room with hikers she would find nothing left in the whisky bottles in the morning. I assured her that she was mistaken and that I would happily sleep in the lounge. I wanted sleep, I said, not whisky. "That is all very well," she said, "but I don't know that I can trust you. You have very taking ways!" After quoting this typical Cockney joke, perhaps I need hardly say that she was not a native of Sussex.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. W. Swallow.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

. . . I am, on the whole, a Liberal with leanings towards a steadying Conservatism on the one hand and a slightly radical, but not rash, Socialism on the other, and a great admirer of Sir John Simon, Sir Herbert Samuel, and Mr. Lloyd George, in any order, for their efficiency.—Letter in *Sheffield Telegraph*.

Having travelled for several thousand miles in every continent, Mrs. Frank Fisher, who was Miss Violet Cressy-Marcks, has the original idea of choosing names for her children, which remind her of the wide open spaces and her travels. Her first son was named Ocean, and now the baby boy born last November is to be christened by the unusual name Forest.—*Daily Telegraph*.

After all ear-rings were originally worn by men and not by women. If every boy had his ears pierced and wore gold circlets from, say, the age of 10 or 12, few, if any, would require glasses. Of this I am certain.—Letter in *Western Mail and South Wales News*.

At Tuesday's meeting of the Bermondsey Council, Alderman J. Davis, sole Municipal Reform representative, will move:

"That having regard to the many offers received from all classes of ratepayers in the borough, and to the feeling expressed thereby, and also having in view the fact that Soviet Russia has realised and recognised his Majesty the King, this council reconsiders its previous decision regarding the Jubilee celebrations."—*Evening Standard*.

Glamour is neither an end nor a means to an end. It looks like an effect, but it is *always* a result—and, further, it is always fictitious.—*Daily Sketch*.

It is not surprising to me to see West End shops pushing linen sports shirts in preference to the knitted variety which have had such a long run. Too many vanmen and delivery boys wore knitted shirts last year for the style to hold long with the really smart men—that is my opinion.—*Man and His Clothes*.

POCKET MONEY

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE and a number of other correspondents have recently written to the *Times* on the subject of children's pocket money. Mr. Ervine has been making inquiries on the matter in a country school in the south of England "almost exclusively attended by working-class or lower middle-class children," and has discovered that in this particular school 30 per cent. of the pupils under 16 years old are given more than a shilling a week as pocket money, 36 per cent. get from sixpence to a shilling, 18 per cent. get less than sixpence, and 16 per cent. get no fixed amount.

Many people, looking back on their own spartan childhood, will feel that, if the very young have not yet quite arrived at the golden age, they have at least advanced from the copper age to the silver. Before 1900 many a political economist with independent means would have been shocked at the extravagance of the poorer members of the community in giving children a shilling a week as pocket money. The shilling, of course, is not the precious coin that it used to be, but even a weekly dole of sixpence would have seemed evidence of the incurable thriftlessness of the working-classes. Thrift and self-help were then regarded as virtues particularly praiseworthy in a working man, and in the West End clubs the members used to talk with real concern of the increasing extravagance of miners.

Dr. Marie Stopes does not approach the question of pocket money from the point of view of a Victorian clubman, but she is very much perturbed by the thought that the gift of pocket money may undermine the character of the modern child. "The prevalence of regular pocket money," she declares, "is, in my opinion, one of the keys to that lack of adult responsibility about money which is widely deplored." Parents, she goes on, "think they are being kind to their children when they give them a little money to spend as regular pocket money. They are not being kind; they are wasting one of the most valuable assets they could enlist on the side of independence of character." What, then, does Dr. Stopes propose to do in order to satisfy the child's need of money and at the same time not sap the foundations of its character? The solution seems to be perfectly simple. The child must earn every penny he gets, except on such occasions as a birthday. "I have never given," she declares, "and never will give, pocket money in my nursery." Her own son has kept a wages book from the age of four, in which he has entered the various sums of money earned by him for doing odd jobs and signed for them. "Looking back in that little record, one finds items such as this: to cleaning white paint in drawing-room, 2*d.*; to laying turf straight in garden, 4*d.*; to chopping wood, 2*d.*; to felling a tree, 6*d.*; etc." Dr. Stopes holds that it is perfectly easy, especially in the country, to find innumerable jobs for a child to do, the wages from which will "supply him with enough or more money than his less fortunate comrades have given them." "Spare the job and spoil the child" is apparently her motto. In her Utopia, it may be presumed, the child who had earned a penny by honest work would look down on his less fortunate comrade, who had been given a penny for nothing by a self-indulgent parent, as a parasite, or what the Bolsheviks call a bourgeois.

There is, however, as another correspondent, Mrs. Wood, points out, a snag in Dr. Stopes's argument. If the child is brought up on the principle, "No work, no pay," may he not, if a practical child, interpret in it in his own interest as "No pay, no work"? "Surely," writes Mrs. Wood, "a little boy should enjoy helping his father to chop or saw wood without wanting to be paid for it. I can imagine saying to such a child: 'Please run and fetch my work-basket,' and receiving the reply, 'How much?'" That seems to me a reasonable point. Teach the human being the value of money at too early an age, and, in six cases out of ten he will (or may) become as cunning as a business man before he is in his teens. The black lamb of the family will refuse to get out of bed in the morning till he has been paid a penny. He will call going to school work —far harder work than felling a small tree in the garden—and will demand a fee of sixpence for his day's toil. If he is asked to gather strawberries for dinner, he will hold out his hand for his reward, and, if this is refused, he will shake his head and say: "This is not Abyssinia, you know. Slavery has been abolished in England." Grandmothers and great-aunts will find him a mercenary little pest, who will not even hold the wool for them or post a letter without leering at them in expectation of a tip. He will probably even refuse to play draughts with his grandmother without payment, and, as for reading the morning paper to his blind grandfather, he will say: "I want Trade Union rates for this." If you associate work with the idea of reward in the mind of a child, indeed, I do not see how you can define "work" in such a way as will not leave an opening for a bad child to be for ever blackmailing his elders. To call shelling peas "work" and to deny the name to an algebra-lesson seems to me to be a monstrous perversion of the English language.

Apart from this, it is surely better for a child to learn to associate work with enjoyment than with money-making. The child on a farm enjoys collecting the eggs, driving the cows from the field to the byre, holding the buckets while the soft-eyed calves greedily swallow their evening meal, giving a horse a feed of hay, gathering potatoes. When I was a child all work on a farm seemed to me to be fun. If I had had the strength I would gladly have done it all for nothing. It was a pleasure to go into the field where the rotted flax lay drying on the ground and to "lift" it with a tomahawk-shaped stick into bundles. It was a privilege to be allowed to fork hay to the buttermilk-swilling man on the growing haystack. There was scarcely an operation on the farm, except ringing a pig's nose, that I did not long to be able to do, and to do for nothing. I will not pretend that my enthusiasm was always of long duration when I was actually allowed to take part in the work. An unpractised boyish arm soon begins to ache under the use of the hayfork. Lifting flax, too, involves more stooping than urban muscles can endure for long without a feeling of deadly weariness. If I were perfectly truthful, I should probably say that, as a boy in the country, I enjoyed not so much work, as the idea of work. Work has an unfortunate way of becoming monotonous very soon after one has begun to do it. I can think of few things more tedious than weeding a gravel-path with a hoe for more than five minutes. Yet I am sure that, if I were let loose on the country again, I should take to work with the old enthusiasm, and drop it with more than the old celerity. But I should never degrade it by associating it with money-making. People seem to me to be happiest when they are working for nothing and can afford to do so.

On the other hand, it may be argued that the present undermined state of my character is due to the fact that, as a child, I was given money for nothing. I cannot remember whether I was given a regular allowance of pocket-money. Probably I was, and then, towards the end of the week, asked for more. I must have had enough for trams to school—for I was always too late to walk—and for buns at the lunch interval. I had certainly enough to buy papers and magazines, beginning with *Chips* and *Comic Cuts*, and rising to the *Boy's Own Paper* and the *Strand Magazine*, with numerous penny dreadfuls in the interval. Threepence was the price of admission for a boy to a football match, and a seat in the gallery of the theatre cost sixpence. Alas, I was one of the "less fortunate" boys who obtained all these pleasures without working for them, with the result that even to-day I would rather be a parasite, getting money for nothing, than a navvy earning his bread in the sweat of his brow.

The only thing I can say in favour of an indulgent distribution of pocket-money is that it makes a child temporarily happy. I had an aunt, I remember, who liked to encourage her nephews and nieces to learn the Psalms (in the metrical version) by heart, and who would offer me a shilling if I had learnt a Psalm by the end of a Sunday afternoon. As play was forbidden on Sunday, this seemed to me a not quite

intolerable way of passing the time away; but, glad as I was to receive the shilling, it always somehow seemed to me to be tainted money. It never afforded me the same rapture as the two-shilling piece, unvulgarised by memories of toil, that she slipped into my hand on my departure to the seaside. My memory can conjure up scene after scene in which old and elderly people gave me half-crowns and two-shilling-pieces without any thought of return. I had an uncle who never sent a child to buy stamps without greeting it on its return with the blessed words, "Keep the change." This may be regarded as a reward for work done, but in fact the work was done without thought of money, and the money was given for nothing. Incidents such as this live in the mind for ever. I think I could name with gratitude every one of the large number of persons who gave me sums over a shilling since I was three years old. I know a Member of Parliament whom, in spite of his detestable political opinions, I hold in the deepest affection because his grandfather, a white-bearded clergyman, once gave me two shillings. There is much to be said against spoiling children by over-indulgence, but it seems to me that if you want to give them a high opinion of human nature, the best thing to do is to begin by giving them money.

Y. Y.

THE MIDDLE WAY

SOME nations ride to ruin on a foam-flecked hobby-horse,
But on a see-saw we direct our indirective course;
No blast above or quake beneath can ever overcome
The grip of our ancestral seat on equilibrium.

On centuries of compromise our party system's built,
Which every Coalition compromises to the hilt;
So, leaving social planning to the Tartars and the Turks,
We feel progressive compromise the only thing that works.

Employment for the unemployed our wit cannot contrive—
We compromise officiously to keep them half-alive.
The raging of the nation's thirst we likewise half allay
With statutory compromise—an eight-hour-drinking day.

And what though on the Continent our mediation mild
Still leaves irreconcilables to all unreconciled?
What though, abhorring compromise in the collective cause,
For being neither cold nor hot they spue us from their jaws?

In this semi-precious jewel in the German silver sea,
We hold with semi-carnival a half-way Jubilee,
When Right and Left attuned, and all the semitones between
May sound a swelling fanfare to our just-off-golden mean!

SAGITTARIUS

LIBERALISM AND LABOUR

SIR,—Some weeks ago, in discussing the prospects of the next election, you called attention to the decisive importance which would be played by the immense Liberal vote. It will certainly decide whether the next Parliament is to lean towards the right or the left. It seems worth while, therefore, to consider why Liberals so persistently refuse to yield to the high-sounding humanitarian idealism of the Socialist appeal.

Let me first clear certain old controversies out of the way. Modern Socialists admit that "capitalism" in the last century immensely raised the general standard of living of the Western world, and that democratic social reform has ended the hideous evils of the iron age of *laissez-faire*. Modern Liberals admit the need for a steady extension of State regulation of private enterprise and for a considerable extension of direct public enterprise. The difference between them now lies in this. The Socialist believes that the private ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange is inherently productive of class war, economic inequality, unemployment, imperialism, and interstate war, and sees in universal cialisation the only remedy. He therefore regards nationalisation as an end in itself. The Liberal believes that the evils of modern society are due to other causes and must be remedied by other means, and regards the maintenance of private enterprise as an end in itself.

Before coming to grips with this difference let me deal with two widely held beliefs. The first is that capitalism is the main cause of war. That, I think, is demonstrably a fallacy. Capitalism is an international force, ready to trade freely with anybody all over the world if it is allowed to do so. Capitalism does not produce war inside the State, nor would it do so in a world State. It is international anarchy, the absence of world government, which is the root cause of war—and this long antedated modern capitalism. It is this anarchy of political sovereignties, not capitalism, which creates and intensifies economic and militarist rivalries. It is the political disunity of mankind which distorts capitalism, not capitalism which creates the anarchy of sovereignties. I do not think that the spread of Socialism would help very much. I doubt whether the relations between sixty Socialist sovereign States, none of them self-supporting, and each therefore demanding that other Socialist States should conform their production and exchange to its own needs for raw materials and markets would be markedly less nationalist than the relations between sixty capitalist States. The basic problem for Socialist and individualist alike is to achieve the World Commonwealth, and this will be as difficult or as easy to achieve under the one system as the other.

The second popular belief is the thesis that, whatever its successes in the past, capitalism has broken down through the triumphs of modern science which produces "technological unemployment" and the phenomenon of poverty in the midst of plenty. This, I think, is also demonstrably a fallacy. Our present troubles are not due to mass production or to the trade cycle. It is inherently no more difficult to make room for the modern machine and mass production than it was for the steam engine, the factory system or electricity in the Victorian age. The cause of the apparent breakdown of capitalism is the political international anarchy, with its tariffs, embargoes, quotas and so forth, which is preventing the international division of labour and compelling all nations to produce the same things—textiles, wheat and meat, iron and steel, coal, ships and shipping, and therefore to try to live by selling the same things, instead of exchangeable things, in the world market. There are 20,000,000 unemployed in industrial lands while wheat and coffee are being burned, looms are idle, and sheep and cattle are being killed; and prices are below cost of production because political nationalism—not capitalism or economic laws—is preventing people from making the things which are exchangeable with one another.

I come now to the core of the dispute. Liberals consider that the Marxian diagnosis misses the real crux. The essence of our modern problem is to bring about a large and universal rise in the still miserably low standard of living of mankind. The rise in the standard of living, however, can only come from the application of power and scientific invention to cheapen production and distribution. Invention and the use of machine power, however, involve constant loss of old capital and provision of new capital, and the constant migration of labour not only from job to job, but from employment to employment, even from continent to continent. Consider the tremendous trans-oceanic migrations which were necessary to produce the fourfold rise in the standard of living of the nineteenth century. Consider the vast outlay of new capital, the vast loss of old capital, the colossal change in the occupations of the people inside every industrial country during that time. Even between 1927 and 1934 1,000,000 people in Great Britain alone changed not their jobs but their kind of occupation—moving from coalmining to transport, from textiles to distribution, from agriculture to printing and publicity, and so on. The vital question, if the standard of living is continuously to rise, is how new capital and labour are to be transferred continuously about, so that in sum total everybody is employed in making something cheaper or better, and exchangeable with what others are making. It is only if that continuous and delicate adjustment is made that unemployment will disappear and plenty for all will appear.

Fundamentally there are only two ways of doing this. One is the wholly planned dictatorial society of Communism. The other is the individualist system whereby the ultimate governor of common development is the demand of the free consumer, and capital and labour is moved to the places where in fact they are needed by price in the market, subject to regulations and controls

by liberal (not Marxian) socialism or Social Reform. It is as impossible to combine the two systems as it is to combine democracy and autocracy. Gradualist Socialism on a parliamentary basis, as Lenin saw, is a complete illusion. Either you must run the world like an army with a totalitarian State dictatorship owning everything and directing everybody according to the plans of the economic general staff, in which case you must suppress individual initiative of every kind, because, like the Kulaks and the N.E.P., private initiative must inevitably dislocate the national plan. Or you must run it on the basis of freedom for individual initiative and therefore of private property, and allow the free choice of the consumer, operating through price in the market, to decide the direction in which production and the investment of capital moves and to transfer labour to the industries and places where it will satisfy demand. Both systems equally require the constant provision of new capital, either through voluntary savings seeking a return, or by compulsory deductions from wages as in Communist Russia, the ruthless loss of old capital, and the ruthless redistribution of labour. There is no way of preserving existing capital and of making people comfortable in their existing jobs at a rising standard of living as the majority of trade unionists and capitalists alike secretly hope. To raise the standard of living implies constant painful adjustment and loss as well as profit for somebody.

Labour rejects the Communist thesis because it dislikes and disbelieves in the ruthless dictatorship for which it calls. But they accept the goal of the nationalisation of all industrial capital. But the gradualist policy is a myth—as Liberals as well as Lenin see. It can only make confusion worse confounded—for four main reasons. The first is because the mere nationalisation of the railways or the coal mines, or textiles or transport, will not in itself add a man or a woman to employment. It will only put the wages and hours and business direction of certain industries into politics, while disheartening and discouraging ordinary enterprise. The second reason is that if nationalised banks abandon the principle of lending their depositors money only on "credit worthy" persons or firms, they will all go bankrupt. Yet if they don't abandon the credit-working principle nationalisation will make no appreciable change. The third reason is that to pay compensation for nationalised industries—or guarantee owners their "net maintainable income," inevitably spells national bankruptcy because it will involve an addition to the national debt—or annual liabilities—quite beyond the capacity of the taxpayer to meet, except in the extremely unlikely event of the profits of the nationalised industries exceeding the losses, in a still fundamentally competitive system. The fourth main reason is that it would be utterly impossible to run nationalised industry, land, transport, banking and transportation by the Parliamentary system. Parliament and the Cabinet are already over loaded. Nationalisation, however the industries are run, involves an immense addition to governmental work and the putting of every kind of economic and business issue into politics at times of general election. Sir Stafford Cripps is perfectly right—socialisation means a revolutionary dictatorship in practice. By no other means can it be made to work.

The plain truth is that the present official policy of the Labour Party—as many of its thinkers know—is a gigantic fallacy—a huge unconscious fraud. The real purpose of socialism is to plan fully the economic life of the country and to ensure that people live only by work and not on rent, interest and profit. But if we want to "plan" in the Socialist sense we must begin by controlling consumption, by forbidding private initiative, and abolishing the piece system. For it is impossible to plan production and distribution until you know what is going to be consumed, and no plan will work, as the Russians found, if it is liable to be dislocated at every point by the inrush of private competition. Similarly with rent, interest and profit. The nationalisation of industrial capital must inevitably be followed by the elimination of interest on other forms of capital. There is, in fact, no practical form of Socialism but Communism in all its ruthless, totalitarian nakedness. If Socialists are not prepared to stand for Communism—as the vast majority are not, if only because they see that it would lead to Fascism—they will have no alternative but to fall back upon the form of Socialism or Social Reform for which Liberals stand. That is the real choice before them.

Liberals have already ended the evils of *laissez-faire* by their achievements in the field of Social Reform. Liberals are now prepared to support any degree of State interference or State enterprise, which can be shown to conduce to a better standard of living for the people, to protect the weak, to end corruption or abuse, to make for better organisation of industry, to lessen unemployment, or to level through taxation the grosser inequalities in the national wealth, and so extend the freedom already won in the political sphere to embrace the economic also. But they resist and will continue vehemently to resist nationalisation as an end in itself or any attempt to abolish private property or private enterprise, because they believe that the basis of society should be freedom for the individual subject to regulation and law, and not the universal, all absorbing, State dictatorship over every aspect of life—cultural, religious, and political as well as economic—which is the alternative.

If I am right in thinking that the mind of Britain is still irredeemably Liberal, the sooner the Labour Party cease to pretend that there is not an irrepressible conflict within their own ranks, the sooner will a truly progressive party come into being, and the more likely are they to avoid that repetition of the catastrophe of 1931 which will occur the very day they start to put their programme of nationalisation as an end in itself into operation. The much vaunted crisis will occur not in the nation but within the ranks of a party which I believe is still fundamentally Liberal in outlook but still accepts the leadership of men who are not strong minded enough to realise that the Marxian dialectic to which their heads give assent is incompatible with that individual freedom which their own hearts and their own countrymen desire.

LOTHIAN

Correspondence

THE PROSECUTION OF "BOY"

SIR,—As writers and as members of the Council for Civil Liberties, a non-party body, we view with concern the new threat to freedom revealed in the recent prosecution of Mr. James Hanley's novel, *Boy*. We offer no opinion on the book itself, though we point out that Mr. Hanley is a writer of standing and that Messrs. Boriswood, the publishers, against whom the prosecution was brought, are a firm of repute. We desire rather to emphasise the following facts:

1. The prosecution occurred nearly 3½ years after *Boy* had been published and after it had been reprinted four times.
2. Proceedings were initiated at Bury in Lancashire, where the police called at a local library and took possession of copies.
3. Messrs. Boriswood were indicted at Common Law. They were advised to plead guilty, for technical reasons, and on March 20th, 1935, fines were imposed by Mr. Justice Porter at Manchester Assizes, to the extent of £400.
4. Messrs. Boriswood have now withdrawn *Boy* from circulation, but we are advised that legally they are still liable to proceedings in respect of every copy which may have been sold before withdrawal.

We would call attention to the magnitude of the fine, and we would suggest the following alterations in the law:

(*a*) There shall be a limit of time (dating from publication) beyond which a prosecution may not be instituted.

(*b*) There shall be provision against multiplicity of proceedings, so that a publisher (or author) cannot be prosecuted repeatedly.

E. M. FORSTER, President.
The National Council for Civil Liberties,
3 Dansey Place, Wardour Street, London, W.1.
A. P. HERBERT,
A. A. MILNE,
J. B. PRIESTLEY,
H. G. WELLS,
Vice-Presidents.

VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS

SIR,—For many years I have had the honour of being the Chairman of the Manchester Victoria Memorial Jewish Hospital, and although my Hospital, in common with almost every other hospital in the country, suffers from lack of funds, I must say there is no excuse for any hospital to be as Margot Oxford states, in your issue of April 6th, "hide-bound" in its system.

Poor people should not shudder when they are told they must go into hospital. The policy of my Board has ever been that the patient must be considered first. Several points have been raised

in the correspondence. One particular point was the "harness routine" that causes patients to be roused from sleep between the hours of 5 a.m. and 6 a.m. for washing. The Manchester Victoria Memorial Jewish Hospital was the second hospital in the country to adopt a system of awakening the patients at 7.30 a.m., and though this hospital is one of the three large general hospitals in Manchester, we have, during the last three years, experienced no difficulty in carrying out this humane practice.

Another point raised is large wards. True, large wards are the most economical to run, but the incidents of distress are much more prevalent in large wards than in smaller wards, and it has been our policy to reduce the size of these. At the present time, we have no ward that contains more than fourteen beds, and we have many with three or four beds only. In addition to this, rooms with one bed are available for very sick patients. Again, I agree there is no need for the patients to suffer hardship due to the open ward of forty beds which results in lack of privacy, a risk of infection, lack of sleep, public death, and all points which Dr. Duncan Leys mentions in his letter as requiring adjustment. This state of affairs can easily be overcome by any enterprising Board of Management.

Another innovation into this country which has recently been followed by other large hospitals, was put into practice at my particular hospital some years ago, and I am proud to state that we were the first to adopt it, and that is Appointments for Out-Patients. Patients need not wait in long queues and sit huddled together in the Out-Patient Department, but are all given a fixed time for their examination.

Regarding food, which is also mentioned in the criticism, fresh butter and new laid eggs are supplied to all patients, and fresh meat of the best quality only is used.

For the welfare and convenience of the nurses, and in order to make their lives as happy as possible (for, after all, happy and contented nurses naturally give better attention to the patients than one who is otherwise placed), special rest rooms have been established. There is also a large recreation hall and ballroom.

To sum up, I am in full agreement with many of your correspondents that there is definitely no need for a well-organised hospital to be otherwise than a place where a patient can receive that rest and treatment of which all sick persons are deserving, and if hospital Boards would ask themselves this question—"What would I do for my own children if they were sick?" and put their own findings of this question into practice in many hospitals, the hospitals of to-day would, I feel, be free from the criticism that has been levelled against them.

Manchester Victoria Memorial Jewish Hospital, Manchester, 8. NATHAN LASKI, Chairman

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SIR,—I read with some indignation Mr. L. H. Barker's tirade with regard to the lack of "feeling" shown amongst nurses. I have been nursing for the past twelve years and have come to this conclusion. Nurses have to train themselves to look upon suffering, if possible, without *showing* emotion, for of what use would a nurse be who dissolved into tears at a critical moment? During moments of tragedy they force themselves to be calm, emotionless and practical, otherwise—chaos! I have known many nurses who have given up the profession because they have not been able to stand the atmosphere of sickness.

A look into a nurse's room when off duty after a trying time of high emotional strain would perhaps modify Mr. Barker's view. He would find his "unfeeling" nurse limp and exhausted, fully conscious of the tragedy of pain and death—all too familiar to her. In time the conviction would be forced upon her that to preserve her own health and be of *practical* use to suffering humanity she must make a stand against entering too deeply into other people's heart-breakings, otherwise in a few years she would be a mental and physical wreck. Some achieve this aloofness, others continue to be battered.

Further, if Mr. Barker's nurses became overcome at your sufferings I fear your bones would not be as whole as they apparently are to-day. For which you should offer thanks. It is a well-known fact that a person who has known pain for some time develops a condition of mind where he expects abundant notice from everyone and thinks the whole world revolves around himself.

Mr. Barker appeared to think that an untidy person *must* be a lover of liberty, and seems proud of the fact that when in hospital he was never tidy. What a deplorable state of mind! It meant nothing to him, I suppose, that a hard-worked nurse had to be continually clearing up after him! It suggests to me a sublime disregard of all the nicer rules of childhood and the old adage—Do unto others . . . ! I have met such patients!

A few words will dispose of the question of the surgeon's "gentleness." He sees his patient for a short time every day; a nurse has sometimes twelve hours at a stretch of complaints, grumbles, requests and sometimes thanks from one up to 36 patients perhaps, a task which sometimes becomes almost unbearable. An honest surgeon admits that the recovery of a patient depends as much on his nursing as on his operation. And so, Mr. Barker, attack the system by all means, but leave those who served you night and day out of the question. After all, they helped to make you whole again. A hand to the wound is worth two to the brow!

May I say, in conclusion, after wide experience in hospitals, that I agree in many respects with your readers' points of view, but would like to state that many patients are not altogether blameless and would perhaps have been happier in hospitals had they not looked for too much of many things and to offer a few thanks that perhaps health and life have been restored to them even though in the process they were obliged to suffer a few inconveniences.

17 Galveston Road, East Putney, S.W.15. CEINWEN PARSELLE, S.R.N., R.F.N.

LIBEL

SIR,—Mr. Ambrose Appelbe's object in writing was, he says, to draw attention to the defence in libel and slander actions of "fair comment on a matter of public importance." He adds: "So wide is its interpretation by the Courts that it in fact frequently allows most unfair comment on matters that are not really of public importance."

Mr. Appelbe has approached the subject labouring under an initial misapprehension. The defence relates to comment not on matters of "public importance," but on those of "public interest." The matter may be of quite a trivial nature provided the public can legitimately be concerned with it. A flower show, the contents of a pamphlet, advertisement or handbill, the methods adopted by a moneylender in the conduct of his business, a concert, the author of a book, a play or a letter to the press as such and the public conduct of politicians are all subjects of public interest, though they may not all be important. Consequently Mr. Appelbe's criticism of the Courts which I have mentioned is without substantial foundation. Nor is he right in thinking that "the innermost secrets of anyone who may be said to be a man or woman of any public originality can be grossly caricatured in the press and elsewhere" with impunity. A person's private life is not a subject for lawful comment save in so far as it has a bearing on his public life.

The basis of the defence is the long-established rule that the comment must be founded on fact. "The very statement" of the rule "assumes the matters of fact commented upon to be somehow or other ascertained. It does not mean that a man may invent facts and comment on the facts so invented in what would be a fair and *bona fide* manner on the supposition that the facts were true. If the facts as a comment upon which the publication is sought to be excused do not exist, the foundation of the plea fails." (Lefroy *v.* Burnside 4 L R Ir 340.)

This requirement of the law is strictly enforced—rather too strictly, it appears, for Mr. Garrett, for I gather he would hold it sufficient if the commentator merely believed his statement of facts to be true. Yet a moment's reflection shows that a person whose character and reputation have been defamed does not suffer any the less because his detractor believed in the truth of his adverse statements when in reality they were false.

Once the facts have been stated accurately, the field of permissible comment is very wide. A man is entitled to express his opinion upon any matter of public interest however exaggerated, unconventional or biased that opinion may be, provided he does so in good faith. "Nothing is more important than that fair and full latitude of discussion should be allowed to writers on any public matter, whether it be the conduct of public men or the proceedings in Parliament or the publication of a scheme or literary work." (Campbell *v.* Spottiswoode 1863 3 Best and Smith 778.) Nor is this a bad thing. Freedom of discussion and criticism is so valuable a part of liberty that it should by no means be curtailed because some people abuse it. Indeed, it is impossible to think of any other test which would be either satisfactory or just. Mr. Appelbe is right in saying that "it is not necessary for the critic to establish that his criticism is true and justifiable." Such a burden would be intolerable. To what

tribunal or judge would he have to establish its truth or its justification? To a jury? I have a very great respect for the common sense of juries, but I should not like to see their judgment made at once the criterion and the censor of all comment. Would Mr. Appelbe care to have the merits of a criticism by him of a literary work assessed by Mr. Garrett's special jury of licensed victuallers?

51 Westgate Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. J. HARVEY ROBSON

A STATE FARM

SIR,—The settlement of unemployed persons on the land affords an opportunity for carrying out a special type of long term experiment, i.e., the formation and working of a State Farm. The State has experience in both land ownership and in farming, but has not experimented with a large area farmed as one unit.

The valuable data that would become available for the next generation would concern, not only the difficulties of managership, etc., but also the problem of the transference of those farming the various portions of a block of land into the larger unit. Information would also be provided showing to what extent the rank and file in a state farm would respond to the responsibilities of a share in the management, and to opportunities for promotion. Like many others, I am unable to form a decided opinion on the advisability of farming by the State, but would be prepared to do so after an experiment of this sort. E. J. ROBERTS

University College of North Wales, Bangor.

HANGING

SIR,—You assume that "those who are already converted" to the "case" for the abolition of ("this barbarous custom") the death penalty for wilful murder are amenable to "rational propaganda," and prescribe a vivid sensation of strangulation during the act of eating as the best method of converting the rest—that is, the irrational. Mr. Paton, in another place, goes as near as he can to saying that the infliction of the death penalty is equivalent to murder.

I acted for twelve months in Kenya as executioner, but am not a professional hangman obsessed by a passion for strangling people. If I gave way to my feelings I might call Mr. Paton a damnable liar, but will simply refrain from signing my name in order to protect my dependants. Nevertheless, I am entitled to justify myself.

The death penalty is at least an assurance to those who would benefit by murdering another that society will not allow them to do so. Hanging and the hangman are not essential to it, and the words perhaps convey a false impression. It is not impossible for the penalty to be (*a*) voluntarily accepted, or (*b*) carried out by a medical man, say, who performs other extensive and useful social functions.

On the other hand, while it seems to me that the penalty inflicted with every precaution and clean hands, is a legitimate and rational negative sanction, the time has arrived when individualism is clearly incapable of ensuring the positive sanctions of social co-ordination. Citizenship must be made possible before it can be rationally demanded. The motive for murder should be removed by every means. Painless extinction would then seem to be the rational means of dealing with the enemies of rational existence. Is there any need to wait on "the human animal's avidity for the spectacular"? AUTUMNUS

THE DIESEL OIL TAX

SIR,—Toreador surely pays a high tribute to the Budget in saying its worst feature is the 8*d*. per gallon tax on diesel oil.

Petrol is taxed to this amount as a means of making motor vehicles pay for their use of the roads; if diesel engined vehicles use only one gallon where those burning petrol would require $1\frac{1}{4}$, it seems clear that the tax on the diesel fuel should be 1*s*. 2*d*. a gallon to put them on the same basis. So the diesel vehicle is still subsidised to the equivalent of 6*d*. per gallon! The interesting question is whether it will be possible to collect this tax or whether evasion by purchasing oil for stationary engines and using it in vehicles will be too widespread?

14 St. Michael's Road, Bedford. ARNOLD MAUDE, A.M.Inst.C.E.

Miscellany

WHITE HOUSE AND MARKED TREE

THE American Civil War may seem ancient history to us. But over here in the Southern States, when people talk about "the war," this is the war they mean, and its after results still condition their social feeling and action. Around Tennessee and Arkansas, for instance, and in the other Mississippi States, a political situation has arisen which would be most fascinating as a study to the outsider if only it did not involve *people*. But unfortunately it does. At the moment it is involving a good many thousand men, women and children in quite unbelievable misery and humiliation. I am thinking particularly of the share-croppers who cultivate the cotton plantations of the south. Having seen something of what is being done to them, one can't help thinking of them; it is a nightmare.

Although the United States is a potentially rich and prosperous and happy country, one cannot travel about in it much without being struck all the time by evidence of poverty, inefficiency—never have I seen such an untidy countryside, even in Poland or the Balkans—and competition so ugly and ruthless and unpleasant that it destroys all possibility of a happy or kindly life for millions of families. The State of Arkansas is the worst example of all this. Here is a rich soil, capable, with proper drainage and cultivation, of growing almost anything from apples and cabbages to cotton and tobacco; here is a climate hot in summer, but sufficiently bracing in winter to get the best out of any racial stock. True, there is malaria, but the well-off, who can afford to screen their houses in summer, do not get it, and it could probably be dealt with by efficient central action. At present there is also an enormous amount of pellagra, a malnutrition disease, but as soon as people stop being starved pellagra stops—and children start growing into healthy men and women: they are not doing that now. There aren't any strong, healthy children among the share-croppers of Marked Tree, the little "cotton town" in Arkansas which I've been seeing something of, the little town which used to be so prosperous in the boom times and is now decaying, half of its remaining trade not now in good Washington Treasury money, but in "hoodlums," the little debt checks to the plantation truck shops.

The share-croppers and their families are the main workers on the cotton plantations—or were. The father makes a bargain with the owner or "riding-boss" to take over some twenty or thirty acres and raise a cotton crop; in return the landlord supplies seeds, a mule and tools, also a shack of some kind, probably two rooms of unplastered wood, worse than any rural housing I have ever seen in Europe except some pre-revolution peasants' huts near Leningrad which were about to be pulled down in 1932. The share-cropper and his family then does all the work of cultivating and raising the cotton, and at the end of the year he is supposed to get half the price which the ginned cotton fetches, minus all advances which the landlord may have made to him during the season, both in the way of tools, etc., and also the food which he has had to buy at the plantation store with his debt checks. These advances may well eat up all the money which he should have been paid, and he is left worse off than the old-time slaves, since no one is responsible for him. He is "free"—to starve or do anything else open to men without money in the present state of society.

Things have been considerably worse since the depression. Day labourers are even cheaper than share-croppers, and less trouble to the landlord. Many of the cotton planters are in trouble themselves, and they pass the trouble on. But up in Washington all this was observed, and the Department of Agriculture did its best. They reduced the acreage under cotton by 40 per cent., so as to keep up the price in the interests of all concerned; they knew something of the conditions and they genuinely wanted to help the share-croppers and other labourers, to have the new policy handed on to them in the

form of more money and shorter hours of work. But, of course, this was to be done through the employers—there was to be no interference with the capitalist—or rather feudal—system. Everything in the end depended on the employer's good will and his readiness to " be a sport " and come into the New Deal.

But human nature can't be altered by just asking it with a nice smile to be sporting, especially not if the smile comes from the North, the old enemy in the unforgotten war which clearly did leave the South a comparatively poor country. The Cotton Acreage Reduction Contract had various loop-holes, clauses which expressed pious hopes rather than gave definite instructions. The cotton planters who run politics in the cotton States answered the Federal Government by a grand wangle which gave them the benefit of the raised prices and allowed them to do what they liked with their own cheap labour. It is no use our thinking that since Roosevelt " politics " has been a nice, clean, English business in the United States. True, a few men and women are coming into it, almost all, of course, Radicals or Socialists, because they want to try and help their country. But still, for most people " politics " has an ugly sound; men become politicians because it is a lucrative and highly skilled trade, with lots of kick in it for the clever. Roosevelt is a democrat, and the Southern States are supposed to be democratic, but actually part of a Southern politician's job is to keep an eye on Washington and not let these Northerners interfere. Especially they mustn't interfere with a cotton planter's rights over the successors of his slaves, whom he has almost succeeded in reducing to a satisfactory condition of servility.

Some of the share-croppers actually propounded schemes of their own for co-operative farming, which were looked on with favour in Washington. But nothing has been done about them. If they were to be carried out, it would have had to be done with the co-operation of the " politicians," and that wasn't forthcoming.

However, this wasn't by any means all that the share-croppers had in their heads; they have formed a Union, and it is growing in spite of the most violent opposition from the planters—an opposition which takes effect chiefly in evictions, beating-up and imprisonment of the organisers, and an almost magnificent campaign of lies and suppression of the truth. It is quite amazing how much suppression can be done. The report of the Government investigator who came down this winter to look for herself at conditions, and who was no " politician " but one of these fine, competent American women who get things done, was suppressed. It was too hot. It might have given the show away. And when it comes to suppressing Red agitators, the suppressors prefer to use whips and ropes and guns.

The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union was dangerous, not only as any Union is dangerous to employers who have always had the best of the bargain so far, but also because in it, for the first time, there is absolutely no distinction between white and coloured men and women. Share-croppers are perhaps 60 or 70 per cent. coloured, the remainder " white trash "—blue-eyed, serious, tough-looking people, driven desperate by the thought of their children in rags, without education, and half starved. Up to now the planters have always been able to play off white and coloured labour against one another, but now things have gone too far.

They asked me to speak at their local hall in Marked Tree, the typical little town, to which accident—and Norman Thomas—had sent me. It was a low timber hall, the windows boarded up, lighted by three oil lamps, with a stove that scarcely kept out the fierce cold; about three hundred Union members came in, on a password, and of these more than half were coloured. We started by singing the Union song, a beautiful adaptation of a spiritual, which the Negro element in the Union had given to the less musical whites. Then, the chairman, a man with a terribly bashed face, most of his teeth missing, led us in the Lord's Prayer, which we all said, standing, and deeply in earnest. There were three white and two Negro speakers, but the low, intense applause and the Amens were the same for all. There was one strange thing about that audience at Marked Tree; when one used the word *slavery*, it all shivered and shifted: the thing was as real as that. And when I spoke of Norman Thomas, they stirred and their eyes brightened. He was the man who had remembered them in their misery, who had come down to the pit to help them. He and the Socialist Party. And what they wanted to get from me was the knowledge that they were not forgotten, that we in our strange remote England—we in the country they look to next for Socialism: may it be so!—we were with them in brotherhood.

Those men and women of Marked Tree looked last year to the White House; they thought the President would help them. But now their faith has waned to almost nothing. They can see that even the most well-meaning Government can do nothing under the present system. The Southern Tenant Farmers' Union is the backbone of rural Socialism in the South.

NAOMI MITCHISON

FORTUITIES—II

THE night-watchman was smoking his pipe by the glowing coke fire. " You look pretty cosy in there," I said. It was three o'clock in the morning and an icy sleet was blowing in my face. Thank goodness, the case was satisfactorily finished, and I might still hope for a few hours in bed.

" Is that you, Doctor? " The husky voice was familiar to me, for he was an old patient, whose inside (as he pictured it) was as well known to me as his face. " Are you in a hurry; or have you got a minute to spare? "

I came closer to the warmth. " What's the trouble? " I asked. He enumerated a series of symptoms.

" I don't seem able to do myself justice," he concluded. " I feel all right in myself every other way; but somehow this don't seem natural to a married man."

" Well," I said, " I'm afraid it *is* natural, married or single. As you get older these little faculties fade out; but there are lots of compensations. It happens to all of us, sooner or later, and there's nothing to be done but make the best of it. It wouldn't do for us to be doing the same thing all our lives."

" Ah, well," he said, apologetically; " thank you kindly. I only asked; because it *is* a comfort to a man, isn't it? Good night."

O. H.

FAUST—PART II.

THE Cambridge Festival Theatre is one of the few theatres in Great Britain where one may see really interesting work. Founded by Terence Gray, who added considerably to the liveliness of Cambridge and incidentally did as much to educate the undergraduates during his reign as all the dons and professors of the University put together, it is now carried on by Mr. Joseph Gordon Macleod, who, like Mr. Gray, eschews the beaten and boring track of London theatre managers.

Mr. Terence Gray is sadly missed because, owing partly to circumstances, partly to character, he had something of the princely magnificence of the Florentine Medicis. His wine list at the Festival Grill was the largest and most sumptuous of any restaurant in Europe; he had acres of wine-cellars underneath his theatre and a supper party with him after the show at his theatre was something to remember. Now he has betaken himself and his black beard (he is the only man in England during the twentieth-century who has worn a beard well) to France, where he is growing wine instead of producing plays. And who can blame him! Cambridge was not worthy of Terence Gray, it lacked both the gusto and the money to live up to him.

Mr. Macleod, however, has worthily kept the Festival Theatre going, and his latest production, that of the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, is alone enough to bring him distinction. The Festival Theatre claims that this is the first time that Part II of *Faust* has ever been put on the stage in

England. This is very likely, for Goethe's *Faust* has never been considered as a stage play in this country, and even the first part, or the original *Urfaust* (and they do not differ materially), is not done here, although constantly performed in Germany and Austria. It is well known that the whole of the first part of *Faust*, which was published by Goethe as a fragment in 1790 and as a completed first part in 1808, was written still earlier, whereas the second part occupied much of the latter part of his life after his friendship with Schiller. A famous living poet once said that if Goethe had died when he was thirty-six instead of at the age of eighty-three we should have still had all his greatest works. Up till then he had only been an artist, but for the rest of his life he was aiming at perfection as a man and so his art lost its creative spontaneity.

The history of the two parts of *Faust* rather supports this contention. Whereas every educated person in every European country knows the first part of *Faust*, the second part is read mainly by scholars, literary specialists, writers and others who can appreciate the many scraps of wisdom and philosophy scattered through it. Mr. Macleod's production of Part II in a new English version by Graham and Tristan Rawson, and in a somewhat abbreviated form proves, however, that the play is actable and has a comprehensible unity on the stage. With two intervals of about fifteen minutes it lasted on the first night on Tuesday the 23rd inst. from 8.15 to 10.45, and it makes an interesting entertainment considerably more lively than the successful plays of most living dramatists, for if it has its *longueurs*, as one must admit, it is not just one long bore from beginning to end like most of our West-end successes.

In fact, some of it is very lively indeed; the first act, for example, at the Emperor's Court where Faust averts the state financial crisis by producing magic gold and Mephistopheles has the brilliant idea of issuing a paper currency on the hidden treasures that lie buried underground in the Emperor's domains. All the satire of this first act happens to be extraordinarily apropos just now and the audience was not slow to take the points. It only shows how far Goethe (and Mephistopheles !) are ahead of the times we live in when we reflect that all over the world to-day men go to the trouble of digging up at enormous expense and quite uselessly the gold buried in the earth instead of issuing a currency based upon it lying there without bothering to dig it up. For when dug up there is nothing to be done with it but dig it in again behind iron vaults and steel-proof chambers ! A special word of praise must be given to Mr. Peter Powell who took the part of the Emperor and played it with nice discrimination, avoiding buffoonery but at the same time indicating the Emperor's hereditary inanity by many subtle touches. But as might be expected where there is something in the nature of artistic creation and intelligence in the work produced, something similar is stimulated in the actors. So, the Mephistopheles of Mr. Norman Scace was really an excellent piece of work notable for the easy and light diction, the variety of significant inflection and the subtlety of his timing.

The scene in Faust's study with the grown-up Freshman, well played by Mr. Frank Harvey, Jnr., was also admirable in its undiminished humour and the Homunculus scene effectively horrible. It was in the classical scenes that I found the interest to fall off. There is, first of all, the perennial difficulty of Helen of Troy. How is she to be represented on the stage ? I must say that Miss Margaret Inchbold made a very good attempt at it. There was something compelling about her, but these Grecian scenes need an exacting recreation of visual beauty in mime and dancing to carry them off and then they would probably be very impressive indeed. The collaboration of a Diaghilev and his resources is what is needed here; failing that we get inevitably the notorious dreariness of Greek choruses and bare-foot dancing.

The third act, which Mr. Macleod cleverly put into modern dress with perfect propriety and splendid effect, was most refreshing and enjoyable. Faust, now made up like the sort of American business man whose face is used as an advertisement for collars, is in this act engaged upon harnessing the power of the tides and reclaiming land from the sea in the best style of the present-day housing reformer who makes happy homes for the people. The battle by which he aids the Emperor to repress revolt and gains power for himself was a first-rate piece of theatre. The scene with the Emperor got-up to resemble a British General of to-day studying the enemy's position on a map with his staff and the new helpers (airman, chemist, etc.), produced by Mephistopheles to assist him to win the battle, brought enthusiastic applause from all parts of the theatre and was extraordinarily rich in symbolistic suggestion. The workers digging Faust's grave was another impressive scene, and this was also well stage-managed. The final epilogue in Heaven was not so successful, but it is such episodes in poetic or symbolic drama generally, as in *Faust* Part II, that need a special treatment that has not yet—as far as I know—been discovered to make convincing and enjoyable.

The Prologue, on the other hand, was a success and throughout Mr. Macleod was—with the exception I have mentioned—singularly happy in his treatment of the stage problems the play set him. His success was due chiefly to the simplicity of his treatment and his concentration on essentials. If one could find an attractive way of treating the classical scenes in the second part of *Faust*, it would be a delightful work for the stage and could be presented following Part I with great effect. If we ever have a National Theatre this is just the sort of work it should attempt to do.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A Bright Revue at the Shaftesbury

Mr. Ronald Adams goes from strength to strength. His Embassy revue, *Let's Go Gay*, has now been transferred, with minor alterations, to the Shaftesbury where, if there is any discrimination among theatregoers, it should settle down to be one of the major successes of 1935. In its way, it is the perfect soufflé of entertainment—brisk, witty and pleasantly tuneful, with enough talent to sustain three ordinary revues. The stars are Magda Kun and Steve Geray—Hungarians whose comedic talent is international. Magda Kun is particularly interesting. She is a wisp of an actress, oddly reminiscent at moments of Elizabeth Bergner, with an immense vitality and an infectious sense of fun. As an attendant at a cinema, a policewoman in disguise, and as an Elizabeth Barrett who owes less than nothing to either Gwen Frangçon Davies or Norma Shearer, she is equally delicious. Steve Geray is hardly less funny as a charming and disarming lunatic, and nothing could be better than his presentation of an Italian announcer watching an international boxing match at the Albert Hall. To him and Rex Evans, as the tired and phlegmatic English announcer, goes the distinction of making the first broadcasting sketch that I have ever seen in a revue which is consistently and thoroughly comic. Charlotte Leigh, with a surprising amount of her Gate Theatre indiscretions with her, adds materially to the evening and so does Elinor Shan, an artist of the first rank in miming grotesquerie. The dancing is good, the singing very reasonable, and the chorus comelier than most. Altogether *Let's Go Gay* is a revue to satisfy the most exacting.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, April 26th—
Dinner organised by the University Labour Federation. Guest: N. Majorski, London Correspondent of *Pravda*, National Trade Union Club, 24 New Oxford Street, 7.
"Dancing City," Coliseum.

SATURDAY, April 27th—
Association Football. The Cup Final, Wembley.

SUNDAY, April 28th—
John A. Hobson on "Standardisation of Mind," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, April 29th—
"Hamlet," Old Vic.

TUESDAY, April 30th—
"All Rights Reserved," Criterion Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, May 1st—
Concert of Recent Soviet Music, Aeolian Hall, 8.30.
The Co-Optimists, Palace Theatre.
"Great Cats Play Chess," Arts Theatre.

THURSDAY, May 2nd—
"Glamorous Night," Drury Lane Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I FIRST visited Stonehenge when Salisbury Plain was still overflowing with the human and material debris of the war. Amesbury was full of soldiers and on one side of Stonehenge the skyline was cut up by immense huts and hangars and dumps which seemed like the dirty wood-pulp combs of a wasps nest when there are only a few of the insects still crawling over them. Such surroundings naturally prompted an explanation of how the stones came to be there. The largest stones, the sarsens, had come from the other side of Salisbury Plain about twenty miles away, while the smaller upright stones had been dragged nearly two hundred miles from Wales. The work could only have been done by a national effort comparable to the effort of the war. Thousands of men must have been mobilised to cut down trees for rollers, to make roads, to bridge streams and to drag the stones and plant them. We must imagine it as the work of an earlier Lloyd George, of the same race, a man of the same gifts and temperament. Instead of turning Britain upside down to win a war this Welsh wizard had mobilised it to build the most extraordinary and puzzling temple in the world. Somehow he had captured the imaginations of his countrymen and by playing on their fear and their pride he had made a whole generation the slaves of these stones. The first certain mention of them, in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of Britain*, says that he was Merlin, and that he brought the stones from Ireland. It is surprising that Mr. De Valera has not put in a claim for their return.

* * *

I have seen Stonehenge several times since then and the little group of stones huddled in the slope of the plain has always impressed me as strangely sinister and evil. They are all that is left of a forgotten religion of which we know nothing. One sees the monument as a whole best from the air; looking over the side as one banks steeply, the stones no longer seem a haphazard group, but an ordered pattern of concentric circles. But I shall be a more careful observer next time I visit them, for I have been reading *Stonehenge and its Date*, by R. H. Cunnington (Methuen, 5*s*.), a fascinatingly interesting book which tells one all that is known for certain, with the results of Colonel Hawley's excavations. The extraordinary thing about Stonehenge is that there is nothing like it among megalithic monuments. The big sarsens, some of which must weigh about fifty tons, almost certainly came from Lockeridge, sixteen or eighteen miles away, the smaller blue stones and the altar stone, which weighs about seven tons, from the Prescelly Mountains in Pembrokeshire, a distance of a hundred and eighty miles. Very convincing theories of how the stones were put up, and of what Stonehenge was originally like, have been put forward since Colonel Hawley's excavations. For a large number of the stones have fallen or been stolen. But the solid chalk subsoil keeps a record of every hole that has ever been made in it and the position of the fallen and lost stones can therefore be determined and their size guessed. Moreover, the silted-in earth can be sifted and analysed and, from snailshells in the holes of the stones which are now standing, the climate of Salisbury Plain at the time Stonehenge was built can be determined. The circle of great sarsens was put up with astonishing accuracy. The central points on the faces of the stones are exactly ten feet two inches apart, the circle being divided into thirty equal parts. To mark out their positions on the ground by test and error would be no easy matter, quite apart from the difficulty of coaxing a stone of twenty or thirty tons into a position accurate to the fraction of an inch. Those parts of the stones above ground were carefully dressed by pounding with stone mallets and the lintel stones fit so exactly with mortise and tenon joints on the uprights and interlock with each other so perfectly, that they must have been slung over the uprights and lifted off and on and tested again and again until they fitted.

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This extreme accuracy would have been useful if Stonehenge was used to determine Midsummer Day by observing the most northernly sunrise through an aperture over a sighting stone. The Greek calendar was corrected by the summer solstice as long ago as 800 B.C., but as Mr. Cunnington remarks: "The need would not have been felt by a very primitive society." If the monument was in perfect preservation it might be possible to date it by observing how far the rising midsummer sun has moved since its construction, but unfortunately one of the most important stones has fallen and the exact axial alignment is conjectural. An error of one inch in the centre of the sarsen circle makes a difference of 400 years in the date. There is, however, an independent alignment for observing the just risen sun from the altar stone over the stone called the Friar's Heel, a traditional name which is taken to be a corruption of the Celtic words *freas heol*, meaning *rising sun*. This gives a date for the erection between 500 B.C. and 500 A.D. Hecateus of Abdera may have described Stonehenge in the time of Alexander the Great, when he says:

> The Hyperboreans honour Apollo. . . . A sacred enclosure is dedicated to him in the island, as well as a magnificent circular temple adorned with many rich offerings. . . .

But yet the date remains a mystery—

> The chief difficulty is that there are independant lines of thought leading to widely different results: Neolithic or Early Bronze Age, Middle Bronze Age and Early Iron Age, with dates about 1800, 1200, and 400 to 0 B.C.

The problem has been greatly complicated by the discovery of Woodhenge. The solid chalk not only keeps a record of every hole dug in it, but the silted-up hole is marked every summer by a more luxuriant crop of vegetation. Such tufts are not easily seen from the ground, but are very noticeable from the air, and thus a sort of green crumpet with its holes in concentric rings was observed not far from Stonehenge. When they were dug out these spots turned out to have contained wooden posts like the outermost ring of holes at Stonehenge. Moreover, the rings are of almost exactly the same diameters as those of Stonehenge. Such resemblance cannot be chance; and there is besides other evidence of a like nature. The most important is the orientation, for Woodhenge, like Stonehenge, seems to be directed on the Midsummer sunrise. It therefore seems probable that Stonehenge was an improved copy of Woodhenge executed in permanent material. A shallow grave with the bones of a child whose skull had been split before burial was found in exactly the relative position of the altar stone at Stonehenge. But since the most probable date for Woodhenge is 1500 B.C., Stonehenge is not likely to be later than 1200 B.C. Mr. Cunnington is strongly inclined to date Stonehenge as 500 B.C., and is therefore anxious to find a later date for Woodhenge, and puts his hopes on more evidence from snailshells coming to light. The whole question is, as he says, like a detective novel with several false clues.

* * *

But what a god-send Stonehenge would be to Rosenberg, Göring and Ludendorff if it were only in Germany! Their Nordic ancestors built nothing half so good. It seems a pity that the English Fascists should not take up paganism as the logical consequence of their anti-Semitism and arrange triumphant processions up the avenue. If England were Germany, perhaps Salisbury Cathedral would be closed by the police while bands of official Druids performed human sacrifices on the altar-stone at the moment when the sun had risen over the *freas heol*. But even if the Fascists took up paganism, it would never be the real thing: their ritual would be made in Germany. Mr. Lloyd George is not available: he has always been ready to play the part of Merlin, but nothing would induce him to become a British Rosenberg. Stonehenge would not amuse him; it is an old story, a toy that he has racially outgrown.

DAVID GARNETT

WHEN LABOUR COMES TO POWER

Practical Socialism for Britain. By HUGH DALTON. *Routledge.* 5s.

This is a book which will be read with deep interest alike by friends and opponents of the Labour Party. It is not a discussion of Socialist doctrines, though it is based firmly enough on Socialist principles. It is an exposition, in very substantial outline, of the programme of action of the next Labour Government. Dr. Dalton can claim to speak with authority both as an economist and as a politician. He was Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the last Labour administration and is obviously destined for high office in the next. Moreover, he has helped, as a member of the Party executive, to hammer out the policies he expounds; and if his book, as he avers, is not an official pronouncement, it may fairly be called, in the language of diplomacy, semi-official. It is written in that clear and trenchant style of which Dr. Dalton is a master, and enlivened by passages in which he expresses his personal views, and not merely those of the Party, on one or another contentious point.

What, then, is the practical Socialism that he envisages? If it stops this side of Utopia, it leaves the parish pump a long way behind, and it bears no resemblance to the opportunist shufflings of 1929–1931. The programme, in fact, comprises a number of political and economic changes, measures of socialisation and planning, which the Tory bogy-mongers will denounce as revolution, and in which Left Wing Socialists will find little of real substance to object to. They may, of course, dispute over some of the details, and they will want to be assured that the programme is to be a programme of action and not a mere platform manifesto. As to that, the Labour Party appears to be as definitely pledged as it well could be to bold courses; and one must assume at this stage that, on grounds alike of principle and expediency, it will stand to its guns when it comes into office with the majority. Dr. Dalton indeed declares that it must start off with a rush—"a well-planned rush." But what about the practicability of the programme—in the sense of its chances of being carried out constitutionally? No one can doubt that there will be stiff opposition to the sapping of capitalism, to the assault on one after another of the strongholds of private property—the banks, the land, staple industries—to the extension of social services at the expense of the richer taxpayers, to the destruction of hereditary and class privileges. Dr. Dalton does not make light of this opposition, but he assumes that it will keep itself within constitutional limits, and that in Britain, with its "instinct of political pacifism," it is possible to make "a peaceful, orderly and smooth transition to a better social order." That is a very optimistic assumption. But all who prefer democracy to dictatorship, whether on their own side or the other, will hope he is right. He thinks that neither the Crown nor the Civil Service would attempt to thwart the will of the people. The House of Lords is another matter. The Peers have the constitutional right to amend or reject Bills that have passed the House of Commons. But they can also be abolished by constitutional methods, and if they set out from the start to wreck a Labour Government's policy, they are simply asking for an earlier death. In any case the extinction of the House of Lords is a measure on which Labour is unanimous. There is some difference of opinion as to whether it should be replaced by another body of a democratic type—a Second Chamber, say, chosen, as in Norway, by the Commons. Dr. Dalton personally favours this; but his arguments for it do not convince me. In a country such as ours, with its unitary constitution, I can see no necessity for, nor real advantage in, a bicameral legislature—given the reforms of procedure and machinery advocated by Dr. Dalton for improving the efficiency of the House of Commons and the Cabinet.

With the many economic and financial items in the programme it is impossible to deal adequately in a short review; Dr. Dalton himself is obliged to leave a good deal of not unimportant detail untouched, or his book would be an encyclopaedia. They are, in the main, familiar to all students of current politics, though some whose reading goes no further than the popular press are likely to have fantastic views of what this practical Socialism means. The banks—the joint stock banks and the Bank of England, and through these the acceptance and discount houses—would be brought under public control, and would co-operate through a Banking Corporation with a National Investment Board, so as to ensure the fullest control of both long-term and short-term credit, and with the authority responsible for carrying out the National Planning. This Planning, it need hardly be said, is of vital importance, and one wishes that Dr. Dalton's stimulating discussion of it could have been a little fuller. Among the industries marked out for immediate socialisation are transport, electricity, coal with its products, and agriculture—or, to be more exact, the land, and this not holus-bolus but piecemeal, as and when wanted. Others to follow would be iron and steel, shipbuilding, heavy chemicals, insurance. Cotton and woollen textiles and engineering may require preliminary reorganisation under public control before being fully nationalised. Socialisation, of course, does not mean confiscation as is often maliciously pretended; it involves fair—but no more than fair—compensation, and Dr. Dalton has some pertinent arguments on the forms that this might take in one case or another.

But measures of socialisation, however bold and comprehensive, are not enough by themselves. They will not do much directly and immediately to satisfy the demand for greater economic equality, which is of the first concern to all Socialists. They must be accompanied by rapid extensions of the social services, particularly in the sphere of education and public health. It is not a case, as Dr. Dalton rightly insists, of a Labour Government having to elect to be either "socialisers" or "social reformers"; it must be both, and vigorous on both lines. It may—it certainly will—find a difficulty in getting all the money it wants. It would be fatuous to suppose, and criminal to pretend, that, even if things went smoothly with it, it would make a land flowing with milk and honey in the space of a Five-Year-Plan. But the possibilities of income tax and death duties (and of new taxes on luxury consumption, Dr. Dalton suggests) have not yet been exhausted, and a steady and substantial increase of wealth must presumably be counted on through the enlargement of the socialised sector, and the utilisation of idle labour and undeveloped resources by national planning.

Many years ago, we are reminded, Mr. Lloyd George advised the Labour leaders to be audacious. They are now taking his advice, or at least promising to take it when they get a popular mandate. But there are lions in the path—some more formidable, perhaps, than the House of Lords. One of them may be called

I wish to call your attention this month to a novel which sociologically is as important as our more serious books on that subject.

In reviewing this book in the New Statesman and Nation, Mr. Cyril Connolly has said:

> "THIS BED THY CENTRE" is a remarkable English first novel . . . The psychology of all these people whose dramatic circumstances of living are admirably grasped. Miss Johnson writes with a comprehension and sureness of touch.

In view of the above, I feel there is nothing else for you to do but read this book.

THIS BED THY CENTRE
Pamela Hansford Johnson

CHAPMAN AND HALL

for short Herr Hitler. The Socialist programme sketched by Dr. Dalton is, as he expressly says, conditional on the avoidance of war, and the final pages of his book are devoted to the very important subject of the Labour Party's foreign policy. That policy, which was defined and approved by an overwhelming majority at the Southport Conference last autumn, is pretty well known. It stands "without any shuffling or ambiguity for the collective peace system." It accepts the full obligations of the League Covenant. It pledges a Labour Government not to lip service, but to taking the lead in building a dam against war, through disarmament, the creation of an international police force and the international control of civil aviation, the abolition of private arms manufacture, the provision for peaceful change in existing treaties, and, last but not least, international economic co-operation on much bolder lines. For all this Dr. Dalton pleads earnestly; and few, indeed, even among the bitterest of its opponents, question the Labour Party's zeal for peace. Many, less bitter and more far-seeing, will vote for it as a better guarantee against war than the militarists and isolationists and Laodiceans in the opposite camp. Of course, the guarantee cannot be a firm one in the present situation, which has actually worsened since this book was written. But that very fact enhances the need of a more strenuous policy. And the danger is not one that threatens merely or mainly the Labour Party. One probable sequel to another great war is an upheaval beside which "Practical Socialism for Britain" would look like a bourgeois Bank Holiday.

C. M. LLOYD

TON NAP

The Letters of Napoleon to Marie Louise. Introduction by PHILIP GUEDALLA. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

If one imagines an enthusiastic bagman, very proud and fond of his young wife and baby, scouring Europe in search of orders and writing every night to tell her how he is doing, and how she ought to behave in the various domestic conjunctures that may crop up in a provincial town, the general result would not be unlike Napoleon's letters to his second wife. As a contribution to history they are of very little interest. But they are an amusing, pleasant and, in places, pathetic addition to the portrait of Napoleon. One is left on the whole with the impression, as the country gentleman said of Disraeli, that Ton Nap may not have been a very clever man, but there is no doubt he was a very good man; an affectionate father and husband, surprisingly gentle and tactful in instruction and reproof, but entirely lacking in judgment and possessed by an egocentric optimism which almost amounts to mania. The firm ought to have recalled him long before. One would have expected some faint shadow of depression to appear in the letters written after the retreat from Moscow or the battle of Leipzig. But no. At the very worst there is always someone else to throw the blame on. Louis is ungrateful (don't call him King of Holland). Joseph is a muddler. Papa François is under the thumb of Meternik and Meternik is bribed by Russia. Otherwise Papa would see what a quiet, peaceful, cautious man I really am, and would realise that all this fuss about me is being worked up by the other firm. And my bonne Louise must write him a nice letter to say so. Meantime the Company must let me have another 280,000 men to spend, and all will go well.

And it very nearly did. Leipzig has been lost. From South and East the Armies of the Alliance are converging on Paris. There are intercessions to Ste. Genevieve: the stolen pictures are being removed from the Louvre: the bullion from the Treasury vaults is on waggons at the Tuilleries. This time it is all Talleyrand's fault. But "we shall probably have peace in four days. Lord Aberdeen is almost conciliatory." Indeed, if Ton Nap had been ready to accept the frontier of 1791, the House of Bonaparte would probably be reigning in France to-day. He preferred to fight for the "natural frontier" and he almost won. The bagman at bay is magnificent; his letters sound like the war cries of a young knight. I have destroyed twelve Russian regiments and taken the Commander-in-Chief. Give diamonds to the officers who bring good news. At Montmirail not a man escaped: have the bulletin read in all the theatres. The cavalry have covered themselves with glory: fire thirty guns. Twenty thousand prisoners are marched through the Place Vendôme. Schwartzenberg has asked for an armistice. Have a picture of the King of Rome saying his prayers put on sale everywhere. Never see Joseph in private: he has a bad reputation with women. Let your father know that I will never give up Antwerp. This is March 20th. Paris surrendered on March 31st. "Make it clear to your father," he writes on April 3rd, "that the time has come for him to help us." The next day he abdicated. "I am to have Elba, you get Parma and Piacenza, a lovely country to live in when you are tired of Elba and I begin to bore you, as I must someday when I get older and you are still young." He had begun to bore her far more than he knew, and the bonne Louise, so complacent, so shallow, so affectionate, faded away into her natural background, Aix-les-Bains and Schönbrunn and the arms of General Neipperg. Où peut-on-être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?

G. M. YOUNG

BACTERIOLOGICAL HISTORY

Rats, Lice and History. By HANS ZINSSER. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.* (*Not published till April* 29.)

The publisher's remarks on the paper cover of a book are always interesting, but, like a man's praise of a woman he is in love with, they need to be substantiated by independent examination. This book, we learn from its publisher, is *unique*. Its subject is the history of epidemic diseases, the part in carrying them played by rats and lice, and their immense influence on human affairs. In the publisher's opinion, the way in which this subject is treated makes this book perhaps the most remarkable ever produced by a scientist. "Imagine Tristram Shandy written by a scientist, with vigorously active mind, ranging widely over the whole field of human activity . . . with the life-history of epidemic disease substituted for that of Shandy, and you will have some slight idea of its fascinating quality."

Rats, Lice and History, absorbing though it is, does not bear out this tribute. It would need an imaginative genius which Mr. Zinsser does not possess to give unity to a mass of scientific, medical and historical detail, interspersed with reflections on war, mysticism, modern biography, Gertrude Stein, T. S. Eliot, and a hundred other problems. As literature, the chief weakness of the book is the author's lack of self-confidence, and consequent bravado. He makes it clear at once that he fears he will not, as a bacteriologist, be taken seriously by "the professionally literary," though a little more experience of the professionally literary would have shown him that they are far more tender to amateurs than to one another. He therefore falls upon the writers of to-day, in order to discount criticism should it turn out to be unfavourable. His comments on modern poets and novelists are without value, and when he comes to the biographers, and talks of "the keyhole indiscretions of the Strachey, Ludwig, Maurois school," he lays himself open to the retort that human nature seen through a keyhole presents a blissfully idyllic picture compared with human nature as revealed in the panorama of filth, madness and cruelty unfolded in his own book. In the pages he devotes to the question whether syphilis was introduced into Europe by the men who sailed with Columbus, he quotes contemporary references to two unfortunate members of the expeditions of Columbus, Don Pedro Margarite and Pincon, either of whom would assuredly rather have been disinterred for posterity by a writer of the keyhole school. The Aztecs, too, would have chosen Herr Ludwig as their historian rather than Mr. Zinsser, with his curt—"The Aztecs were probably lousy."

But as soon as the reader has reconciled himself to the fact that Mr. Zinsser's distaste for the mild realism of Strachey, Ludwig and Maurois is compatible with the most ruthless realism from his own pen, he will find much that is fascinatingly interesting. There is, for example, Mr. Zinsser's account of the dancing manias and Jew-baiting of the Middle Ages, both of which he is inclined to attribute to mass hysterias brought on by terror and despair in oppressed and famished populations. After the Black Death, a dancing mania, which began in Aix-la-Chapelle spread to Cologne and the Netherlands. "Men, women and children lost all control, joined hands, and danced in the streets for hours until complete exhaustion caused them to fall to the ground." Neither Jew-baiting, however, nor dancing manias have any connection with typhus fever, which is the main theme of this book, in much the same way as Tristram Shandy is the hero of the novel of that name. In Mr. Zinsser's opinion typhus fever did not get a real grip on Europe till the sixteenth century, and it was in the following century, during the Thirty Years War, that it did most havoc. The cruelties practised both by the Imperial armies and by the troops of Gustavus Adolphus, the punishment inflicted by typhus and plague on both armies, and the spread of typhus all over Europe, Lyons alone losing 60,000 inhabitants in one year, are vigorously described by the author, who, after

showing that Serbia during the Great War and Russia after it suffered as much as Germany in the seventeenth century, ends on a hopeful note :

> Typhus . . . will continue to break into the open whenever human stupidity and brutality give it a chance. . . . But its freedom of action is being restricted, and more and more it will be confined, like other savage creatures, in the zoological gardens of controlled diseases.

HUGH KINGSMILL

RELIGION AND POLITICS

Methodism and Politics, 1791–1851. By E. R. TAYLOR. *Cambridge University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

John Bright and the Quakers. By J. TRAVIS MILLS. Two Volumes. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

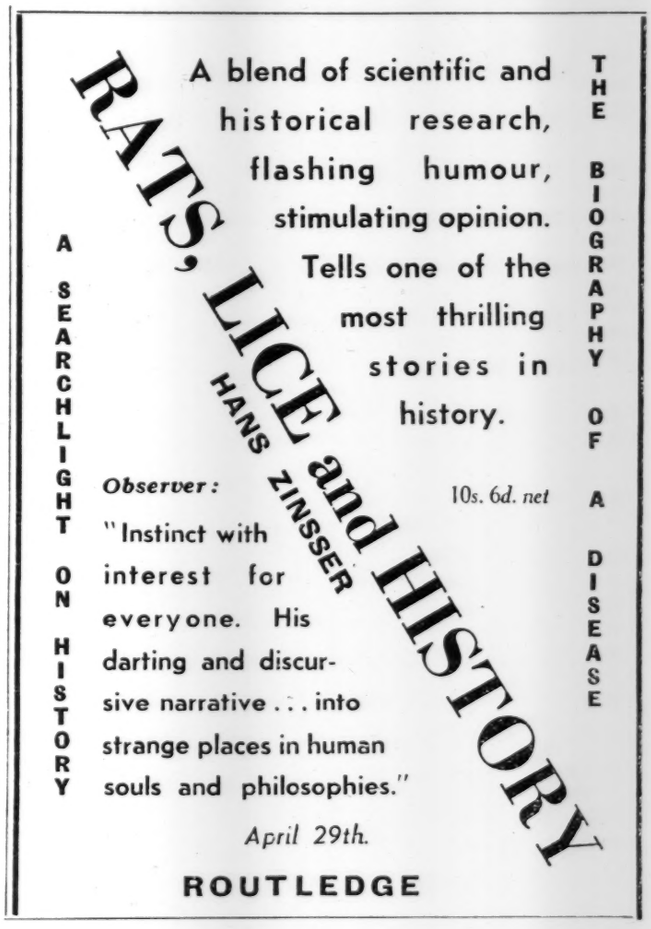
It is often said that the secret of England's political and social life is to be found in her religious history. Mr. Taylor goes so far as to maintain that we owe our Two-Party system to a "peculiarly English division—that between the Church and Dissent"—and he claims that popular semi-Marxist thought, which seeks in economic forces the cause of social change, though mainly true of the nineteenth century, is false when applied to the sixteenth or seventeenth, because then religious motives outweighed the economic. Unfortunately the parts of his book which deal with this important and fascinating topic take the form of assertions rather than arguments. While preparing his competent narrative account of Methodism, he was, no doubt, stimulated by his awareness of the broader aspects of his problem, but his ideas are too immature and his knowledge of sociological method too scanty to enable him to make a valuable contribution towards its solution. His work is a University Prize Essay, and it is precisely the type of work which such prizes ought to inspire.

The vital feature of the English system is, as he rightly remarks, an Opposition free from the taint of revolution. In the seventeenth century, when religion appeared most dominant as a political issue, this did not exist. It came gradually into being in the eighteenth, and the Tory renunciation of Jacobitism is more significant than any Whig championship of Dissent. What requires explanation is the division of the aristocracy between the two Parties, and it was undoubtedly assisted by the existence of a monarchy which was not aristocratic in the traditional English sense. But even if we were prepared to give to Dissent the importance that he claims for it, we should not have relegated economics to a minor role. Methodism, Mr. Taylor admits, flourished in a certain social class, and that class had an economic foundation. It may be absurd to represent man's religious emotions as a product of his economic interests, and yet quite reasonable to hold that the particular social organisation through which his religion finds expression is largely, if not solely, conditioned by his place in the economic structure of society. Wesley, he tells us, founded not a dogma but a Church, and a Church is a social institution, deeply concerned with social ties and social behaviour. One faith may produce many Churches, and it is not the faith that we are seeking to explain but the variety of its social manifestations.

This point comes out clearly in Mr. Mills's study of the Quakers, a book about which it is difficult to speak calmly. The author has collected with devoted care a vast museum of bits and pieces, grouped around the central exhibit of the life of Bright, but swollen by the inclusion of tawdry fragments relating to all his ancestors, and all the friends of his ancestors, and the descendants of the friends of his ancestors and so on almost *ad infinitum*. And yet in this bewildering chaos patient search finds not a few treasures. The unhappy reviewer realises that he cannot point the way to these except by rewriting the book at a fraction of its present length. Faced by this dilemma he has decided to draw attention to a few major problems with regard to Quakerism in general and to John Bright in particular.

There is one interesting parallel between Quakers and Methodists. The early Quakers were militant, denouncing social evils and inviting persecution, but soon this militancy was replaced by an official quietism, which corresponds to the "No Politics" rule of Wesley. The Quakers fought for the right to exist. Toleration, though it left many disabilities, relieved them from the urgent need. But quietism, which was appropriate to the early Christians, who sought individual salvation through a faith which their oppressors utterly denied, was less suited both to Quakers and Methodists, who shared the fundamental religious beliefs of the majority, and differed mainly as to the manner of living in organised society. The great issue was the application of Christian morals to daily life. Quietism in such matters implies segregation, and the early Quakers practised a kind of segregation assisted by their peculiar speech and dress and their stern condemnation of "marrying-out." But these rules were denounced by their strongest members and they gradually broke down. "I do not regard what are called the 'peculiarities' of Friends in the light they appear to thee," said Bright to a fellow-Quaker, "on the contrary, I often suspect that in these things we are 'teaching for doctrines the commandments of men' and making to ourselves burdens which Christianity is intended to free us from." And when the Yearly Meeting's Epistle ended with the words, "We trust Friends may always be found amongst those who are quiet in the land," he sprang to his feet to express a hope that this did not imply condemnation of the attempt to repeal unjust laws. Similarly the split in Methodism in the nineteenth century was due to the determination of the more active spirits to work for social causes. Such a development was inevitable as English society became more closely knit together into a national whole, and as legislation thrust its way ever deeper into the texture of social life. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the great influence exercised by Quakers over the affairs of the world and the extreme narrowness of the old Quaker customs and in particular of their early ideas of education, so well illustrated in the description of the school founded by John Fothergill at Ackworth. It may be that, just because these customs were concerned with minutiae of external behaviour and with the clothing of thought in a well-worn and sometimes almost meaningless phraseology rather than with dogmas that fetter the mind, they were the more easily cast aside by those who had the strength to draw their inspiration direct from the great ideals which lay behind the outer forms.

What exactly these ideals were, and how far they influenced the political career of John Bright, it is not easy to determine. To say that Quakers were humanitarians, and that "humanitarian, not personal or class interest, was the underlying motive of his Anti-Corn Law Crusade" might seem to be a superficial judgment. Bright himself admitted that he might have taken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"in some degree a one-sided view" of the Ten Hours' Bill, because he was himself "concerned in the trade which was to be mainly affected." One cannot attribute a belief in *laisser faire* to the teaching of Quakersim. Mr. Mills seems to think one can, for he says that *laisser faire* derives from individualism, and individualism is a distinctively Quaker virtue. But there are many forms of individualism. Early Quakerism fostered a sturdy self-reliance, but not originality of individual thought. Bright condemned legislation even when he approved of its objects, not seeing that it made little difference to the individuality of the working man whether he got his Ten Hours' Day and his education from a paternal Parliament or from his paternal employers and a paternal local aristocracy.

The three outstanding Quaker principles bearing most directly on social and political life were the hatred of cruelty, the belief in human equality and the love of peace, expressed, for instance, in the condemnation of the Game Laws, Slavery, Capital Punishment, and War. But not one of these principles could be applied in an absolute and perfect form in nineteenth-century European society. Before any action could be taken there must be compromise, and compromise implied a choice in the making of which other interests entered. Nowhere was this clearer than in the question of the use of force. The first compromise was the acceptance of force when used to repel force; force, that is, for the maintenance of internal order. The Quaker colonists found that they must extend this so as to justify war in defence of their frontiers against the Indians. Bright went further and accepted war as an instrument of international policy, but only as a means to a definite and essential end. It must not be used to defend national prestige or to support national aggrandisement or to maintain the Balance of Power. The American Civil War presented a difficult problem. As Lincoln himself put it, "Your people the Friends, have had and are having a very great trial. On principle and faith opposed to both war and oppression, they can only practically oppose oppression by war. In this dilemma some have chosen one horn and some the other." Bright chose war as a lesser evil than slavery. But it was over an unjustified act of war in Egypt that he resigned from the Cabinet. He foresaw a practical solution, outlined in a speech delivered in 1868, which has a very modern ring about it. "I frequently think," he said, "the time may come when the maritime nations of Europe may see that those vast fleets are of no use, and that they may come to this wise conclusion—they will combine at their joint expense and under some joint management, to supply the sea with a sufficient sailing and armed police, which may be necessary to keep the peace on all parts of the watery surface of the globe."

Bright's Quaker upbringing made him strive to apply Christian morals to public life, but when the best method of application was in doubt his social and economic experience and his personal bias determined his choice of action. In general he gained a certain realism of outlook and a relative freedom from those unconscious prejudices and thought-defeating principles which so often make the business of politics appear like a tragic drama played by helpless puppets.

T. H. MARSHALL

THE INDUS CIVILISATION

The Indus Civilisation. By ERNEST MACKAY. *Lovat Dickson.* 6*s*.

A clear and fair account of these fascinating diggings; except that there is no point in leaving out evidence from Harappa, which had the same culture and was a more important town. At least one piece of sculpture from there gives one a much higher opinion of the aesthetic and technical ability of these people than anything from Mohenjo, and one wants to know if the doubts have been settled about its date. (It is "like" Egyptian and Hellenistic sculpture and the early Buddhist Yakshas at Mathura, so what's the use of history anyway?) It is very bad that the work should be held up for want of money. In Iraq the archaeologists are driven to comically mercenary plans, even smashing duplicate pots to keep up the prices, but surely the Government of India could afford some digging in the Punjaub. There are also insane difficulties about letting in foreign experts. So far the Indus civilisation is only known as a full-blown large-town affair not earlier than 3000 B.C., very similar to the Iraq ones and at root very like the Egyptian; the only baffling thing if you expect a single origin for agriculture is that the Egyptians had a different type of wheat. Mr. Mackay interprets the drainage arrangements to show that there was still a dangerously heavy rainfall in the Punjaub in the time of the great towns; this seems to throw doubt on the view that settled agriculture started on the Nile, Euphrates and Indus, in each case because of a sudden failure of pasture and need for irrigation. In either case Vaviloff's results seem very doubtful; he claims that agriculture started in two places, Afghanistan and Abyssinia, from the present distribution of wild crops, but if the whole climate has changed since then, they merely grow where they can.

The experts (Mr. Mackay less than others) seem too eager to make Mohenjodaro a forerunner of modern Hinduism. The town is built on the grid-iron plan, with no temples yet found, many private bathrooms (there is an argument about latrines, but at least one is admitted) and covered drains below the streets, often repaired, and given the best brickwork in the place. The baths are supposed to prove Holy Bathing (we have the same cult), but this is quite different from bathing in a Holy River, and nobody claims the drains were holy. Composite animal-human figures are not specially Indian, and phallic-worship occurred elsewhere (the stones photographed in Sir John Marshall's book are quite obviously phalli, which one would not gather from Mr. Mackay). Little statues always of bulls are not evidence of Hindu cow-worship, but there seems to have been some in Sumer. Two scapulars of a supposed three-headed deity equated to Siva have been found, but this is doubtful from the photographs both here and in Sir John Marshall; the monster has rather no face than three, and other figures have large ear-flaps on the head-dress, so as to look rather like it. Anyway, it is too easy to say that Siva's wife was already worshipped "though not in her present aspect of lust and destruction." It is said that the architecture suggests there was no zenana system. There seemed real evidence of cremation in Marshall's urns holding bones and ashes, but Mr. Mackay calls this "fractional burial," and doubts whether the ashes were human. In that case, there is no evidence for his view that most bodies were burned as at Benares and then thrown into the holy river. In fact, the main impression of Mohenjodaro so far, apart from a great many scapulars worn for good luck, is of a rationalist place devoted to an extensive trade.

It is splendid, and a piece of good luck, that so much has been discovered about early civilisation, but we are not likely to discover the really interesting things. Neolithic man with a settled village culture was very widespread and seems to have done an enormous amount of exchange; these great towns appear at about the same date wherever they would be convenient. The striking thing is that the main work of man was done before central government was thought of.

W. EMPSON

A SCIENTIFIC FANTASY

In the Sealed Cave. A Scientific Fantasy. By LOUIS HERRMAN. *Williams and Norgate.* 6*s*.

During 1931 and 1932 Louis Herrman contributed a remarkable series of articles to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Some of them were "scientific fantasies," others more straightforward discussions of biological problems. Since then Mr. Herrman, who was then collaborating with Professor Hogben as a research worker at the London School of Economics, has returned to continue both his scientific research and his work of imaginative scientific reconstruction at his first University at Cape Town.

In the Sealed Cave is a remarkably interesting study of the way in which Mousterian man may have lived. Mr. Herrman has elected to tell it through the mouth of Lemuel Gulliver who, it seems, left behind him records of other adventures than those described by Swift in Gulliver's Travels. A timely ship-wreck and earthquake pitch Gulliver into the cave where a remaining tribe of our cavemen ancestral cousins still lived on into the eighteeenth century. The reconstruction of the lives of these harmless and highly organised people is extremely skilful. Although told in the form of a romance, the method is never allowed to obscure its seriously scientific basis. Ingenious suggestions are made to account for the bone peculiarities of these people and to explain how a population which lived, at least in Mr. Herrman's picture, entirely in caves, could have obtained the necessary food values and retained a healthy and stable population. The link between these people and the outside world are the droves of bats which serve as food on special occasions and whose droppings enable the Mousterians to cultivate edible fungi. Mr. Herrman provides us with a complete anthropological study perhaps the most interesting part of which is the account of the

religious and moral ideas and the ceremonial customs by which his cavemen adjust themselves to their restricted world. The story ends ingeniously. Gulliver unfortunately catches and communicates a common cold. His hosts have never developed any immunity to colds and die in large numbers. As the plague spreads it upsets the balance of their society, necessary social functions are neglected, food fails and the moral and physical basis of their social organisation collapses. Mr. Herrman is to be congratulated on a book of remarkable imaginative power, a book which the scientist and the layman will alike enjoy.

LOLA MONTEZ

The Magnificent Montez. By HORACE WYNDHAM. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Some time ago, turning over a collection of old photographs, of the kind known to our grandmothers as *cartes de visite*, I came across a portrait of Lola Montez. It showed the great courtesan in her decline; features, once clear-cut as those of a medallion, now made up in sharpness what they had lost in softness; her cheeks had grown raddled; but the eyes were still large and imposing and brilliant; and one felt, no doubt, that this was the image of an extraordinary woman. She was dressed in her customary riding-habit of black velvet; her attitude was aggressive; for, long after her celebrity had waned, Lola Montez continued to support the roles of *amazone* and half-savage Spanish dancer in which she had electrified the cities of Europe during her heyday. Yet Lola Montez had not a drop of Spanish blood. She was of Irish extraction; her husband, with whom Eliza Gilbert eloped from Bath at the age of sixteen, was an officer employed by the East India Company; and Eliza, or Lola, James—to give her her married title—spent her early youth in Anglo-Indian society. It was here that she attracted the attention of that charming minor novelist, the Hon. Emily Eden; for Lola, old and young, had a faculty of interesting the most remarkable men and women of the period, in whatever country or society she happened to be, and, besides her beauty, had an abundance of good humour.

The Anglo-Indian marriage was short-lived. She returned to England, was disgraced, divorced and, from the ashes of her respectability, sprang up an entirely new character. Bath, Dublin, the cantonments of Bareilly—all vanished as if they had never existed. Henceforward, she was Lola Montez, Spanish dancer, a pure-blooded native of Seville; and, with the help of a few hastily acquired and, at the best of times, somewhat rudimentary dancing steps (which she had picked up on a visit to Madrid) she appeared behind the footlights of His Majesty's Theatre. A Victorian statesman, "the virtuous Lord Malmesbury," gave Lola her first introduction to the English stage; and a Victorian reprobate, the notorious Lord Ranelagh (whose attentions she is said to have rejected) denounced her as an adventuress and fraud. But Lola Montez understood the arts of publicity; she knew that the organs of modern *réclame* lend themselves more readily to the popularisation of a romantic error than to the dissemination of a hard and prosaic truth, and that a legend is all the more durable for the lack of evidence. Had she been plainer, she might have founded a religious cult; being attractive, she capitalised her attractions on a grandiose scale.

So far the history of Lola Montez is that of an accomplished, but uncommonly successful, imposter; but there are certain aspects in which the significance of her career transcends the picturesque qualities of her personal life. Like Adah Mencken, she belonged to the grand Byronic tradition. Herself she claimed —or allowed it to be believed—that she was a natural daughter of the great Romantic poet; and, with her bare neck, her roll collar, her habit of tearing off her garters and flinging them in the audience's face, of horsewhipping police officers and setting her fierce dogs and monkeys at the throats and calves of obdurate court officials, she satisfied some deep-seated love of violence. In this guise, she is an excellent subject for Signor Mario Praz who, in *The Romantic Agony*, has given us an entertaining, if slightly lugubrious, account of the progress of the *femme fatale* and of the idea of pleasure-pain as it persists through the Romantic and post-Romantic literature of the nineteenth century. There are not many *grandes amoureuses* who have been able to exercise their talents on so wide and magnificent a stage. She accompanied Liszt on one of those sumptuous cavalcades, in which he combined love, music and his unexampled gift of personal showmanship; and, when Liszt had escaped—by the simple device of locking her into her room and bribing the hotel porter to withhold the key—she determined that she would ensnare a reigning prince.

The tragi-comedy of her exploits in Bavaria is well known; how she fascinated Ludwig, was enshrined in the royal "Gallery of Beauties," set up in a palace at the public expense, rode rough-shod over the Bavarian population and plunged the entire country into chaos. The Bavarian episode was the climax of her career; she "married" a young Englishman, migrated to America, was the life and soul of a primitive mining-camp; but the sun of her beauty had begun to go down. She became a lecturer; then a spiritist, a religious revivalist. . . . The life history of Lola Montez contains the materials of an extremely absorbing book; and it is a pity that the reviewer should have to add that *The Magnificent Montez* is a disappointing volume, which includes three or four *clichés* to every page. Mr. Wyndham makes industrious use of the scissors and paste-pot; but he is less adroit in the management of a blue pencil.

P. Q.

NEW NOVELS

We Have Been Warned. By NAOMI MITCHISON. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mundos. By STELLA BENSON. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Carreta. By B. TRAVEN. *Chatto.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Young Renny. By MAZO DE LA ROCHE. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Reviewers of fiction can be divided into two classes according to their reaction to the historical novel. For me literature cannot be too esoteric, too much a preoccupation with style and imagination. I really only like two kinds of novel, the work of art, or slim volume, and the novel of entertainment. The other kind of reviewer prefers didactic fiction; for him the novels I admire most are merely full of pretty writing, frivolous, amusing, or egotistic. The novel, he feels, is not an end in itself, but a means to redress injustice, present information, or tabulate theories. *Wuthering Heights* may claim thousands, but *Uncle Tom's Cabin*

published April 25th

We have been Warned

NAOMI MITCHISON'S first modern novel

claims tens of thousands. The novel of political propaganda, more than any other, I find as unpalatable as a cannon ball in a plum pudding. For this reason it is difficult to review *We Have Been Warned*, which is a six-hundred-page analysis of contemporary England from the point of view of revolutionary socialism. But it seems to me an admirable one. The story concerns the adventures of a group of people of varying shades of pink, true blue, and red after the fall of the last Labour Government. The main character, Dione Galton, the wife of an Oxford Don and Labour member, the daughter of a Highland laird, acts as the Soames Forsyte of the narrative: she is possessed of the same ticker-tape mentality, the same misgivings about the infallibility of her creed. But there the resemblance ends, for all Tory propaganda must of necessity be stagnant and soporific, just as all Socialist propaganda is stimulating and on the move. The book, naturally enough, comes off worst in the literary passages, such as the beginning, which combines the technique of *The Waves* with the background of *To the Lighthouse* in obvious and uneasy assimilation. In the Oxford, Russian, and Sallington (industrial) sections, the author is wholly successful. She is able to present the fears and hopes of intelligent people who wish to improve the lot of the lower classes, to share the best things in life with them, and who yet feel an unaccountable reluctance to drive a tractor over the park at Chatsworth. She is, above all, concerned with the difficulty of really making friends with another class, breaking down the barriers which are just as acute in their political form, i.e., between candidate and voter, as in the social. The fact remains that Socialism and Communism are essentially doctrines of the working class; that idealists and intellectuals are not members of the working class; and so the gulf is not bridged, the merry abdications, the jovial rites of class suicide go on in vain. There are quotations from Auden, Day Lewis, Madge, and Spender who sound their playground whistles, their calls to fall in; but Miss Mitchison is perfectly aware of the jostling that goes on in the ranks, and the result is an absorbing book; the most authentic picture of the alignment of left-wing forces in present-day England, and the most lively and natural of propagandist novels which has come out for a long time. Miss Mitchison has the gift of rendering the speech, thought, and feeling of an intelligent woman; she has a command of dialogue, a knowledge of how different sections live, and a grasp of the more inhuman side of the labour political machine. In fact, she is a real novelist, and the theme which underlies all her large-scale documentations, the desire of the finer members of the human race to love it, is one which transcends political bias and is one of the deepest and most genuine forces in modern fiction.

Mundos, like the Scottish chapters of *We Have Been Warned*, acknowledges a debt to Mrs. Woolf. *Mrs. Dalloway*, in fact, in her vague way, must have originated as much pretension and unhappiness as Greta Garbo. Apart from that, a posthumous novel is always a disappointment, partly because the inflation which publicity now ensures a living author is matched by a corresponding intensity of oblivion when he is dead—such writers as Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy and Edgar Wallace are now sleeping off their Ballyhoo—and partly because there is usually a good reason why the posthumous work was not previously published. *Mundos* is both unfinished and a not very good example of the work of the author. It is a novel about a small West Indian island, where a doctrinaire governor, with a deformed intelligent son and a silly wife, tries to enforce unwanted reforms on a refractory population. There is a murder, a love-affair, the beginnings of a ruritarian revolution. Miss Benson was highly gifted and sometimes wrote exceedingly well. *Mundos* is often readable and amusing, but on the whole reveals only the faults of cleverness—the affectation, the febrility, the pretentiousness of a clever woman showing off. All the images are too far-fetched, and the sentiment is slightly rancid. The publishers explain that Miss Benson left a wish that none of her half-finished work should be published after her death, and that they thought otherwise.

The Carreta is a description of the life of a Mexican peasant written from a vigorously communistic point of view. It reveals a state of practical slavery, hopeless poverty, and petty chiselling among the Mexican Indians, but overstates the case by blaming every conceivable ill on the capitalist system, as if the landlord and the Catholic Church had invented the flea, the louse, and the tropical climate as well as alcohol, roulette, the credit system, and the ox-yoke. It makes very good reading, however, and one is genuinely disappointed when the book ends inconclusively with the marriage of the hero. The claim of the publishers that the author is a great writer because at last he has written a great love-story is doubly absurd.

Young Renny is part of the *Jalna* series. If you have read all the others you will want to read this. If you read this you will not want to read all the others.

After struggling with such a book it was sad to read Mr. Sean O'Casey's attack on reviewers in *Time and Tide's* "Notes on the Way." He considers all reviewers, except those on the Sunday papers, to be timid and contaminated to the last degree. It is possible, with hard work and a bit of luck, for a highbrow reviewer to earn fifteen pounds a month, but nine to eleven would be more like it. And on that he expects them to give as spirited a performance as that of the Sunday novel reviewers, who have always been famous for their savage and incorruptible assaults on author and publisher. And anyhow, "reviews never sell a book" as the publishers are never tired of telling us. No, it is farther than that that he must look for the causes of the decline of the novel even if the sycophantic torpor of reviewers contributes to it. There is the indigence of authors, for instance, being forced always through journalism or over-production to deny themselves the gestation which their talent demands; and the intransigence of libraries and of all other book-societies which cater to the public, and in turn use pressure on the publisher to make him exact the longest and dullest contribution from the safest writers, an omnibus if possible, and failing an omnibus a saga; and failing a saga a hundred and twenty-five thousand word cavalcade. And then there is the ignorance of the publishers themselves, their lack of standards. Of how many books can you say "It must be good—So-and-so published it"—as you could say it of the work of architects or tailors or film-producers? And their hopeless ambition to produce a best-seller which will pay for the masterpiece—which results in the confusion of both: the verdict of posterity obsessing the pot-boiler; the writer of masterpieces dreaming of Hollywood; the publisher himself combining vague leanings towards creation with the desire to double his capital; the middleman of talent, anxiously deleting words like "rape" in novels that are in any case unreadable. And one might add the imbecility of collectors, who (caring only for rarity, condition, and some incomplete experience of their childhood) take one look at *Howard's End*, *Prufrock*, or *Inclinations*, and go hurrying on in search of Mary Webb, and *Winnie the Pooh*, *Beau Geste*, and *The Tale of the Flopsy Bunnies*.

One might conclude with the ox-like indifference of the reading public which cannot bring to its activity even the discrimination of the chewing one, and we have six interlocking causes of the dullness of our current fiction. They do not seem easy of remedy, and meanwhile the English novel must descend to the barathrum of incompetence in company with those twin horrors, the English hotel and the English nursing home. CYRIL CONNOLLY

A SOCIALIST LOOKS BACK

Fifty Years of International Socialism. By MAX BEER. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

Mr. Max Beer, who here presents his reminiscences, is best known in this country as the author of the standard *History of British Socialism*. By birth he is a Jew from Austrian Poland: he has been both naturalised as a German under the Weimar Republic and deprived of his German nationality under the Nazis. He has been a Social Democrat and a Communist, and he remains a convinced Socialist. He has lived for many years in England, and has an unrivalled knowledge of British Socialist history, as well as of the international Socialist movement. He has known personally most of the German and British Socialist leaders, from Engels and Hyndman to those of the present day. And finally, he is personally a simple, single-minded scholar, most at home in the British Museum Reading Room, and with no taste for any sort of adventure save of the intellect.

Mr. Beer's memories bear the stamp of his personality. They are far more about things and arguments and persons he has met than about himself. They are singularly free from egoism; and even in discussing other people, Mr. Beer shows more interest in their ideas and contributions to Socialism than in anything else about them. He has a rather remarkable admiration for Gladstone, whose grasp of the social question he contrasts with John Morley's indifference and lack of understanding. Engels he admired, but found too domineering. He records faithfully that on his first meetings with Lenin in 1902–4 he was not in the least impressed, but that he found him a different man when they met again in

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1911. He relates in full some of his talk with Lenin, and gives a glimpse of Lenin's home life in London, when he and his wife shared the housework equally, and she helped him with his literary researches in the British Museum. He is severe on Hyndman and on MacDonald, whom he calls "a middle-class journalist with evolutionary social views, but knowing nothing of the economics of modern society." MacDonald, he says, "has not changed, and has betrayed nobody. He remained in 1931 what he was in 1905. What has changed is the British Labour Movement." Finally, "of all the men I had the good fortune to meet, Lenin and Jaurés impressed me most. Both had their roots deep down in the soil of their native land, while their minds were immersed in the ideas, and inspired by the acts, of the revolutionary upheavals of their forefathers. Man makes history, but history also makes man." G. D. H. C.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

Ornamental Shrubs and Trees—Selection and Pruning. By A. J. SWEET. *Dent.* 5s.

How We Made Our Garden. By A. T. HARRISON. *Alex. Maclehose.* 5s.

The Garden Grows. By L. F. LEEMING. *Harrap.* 7s. 6d.

The first of these books will need little recommendation to the initiated, for the author's name will be a sufficient guarantee. There must be comparatively few people who have had such extensive experience and responsibility in the care of shrubs and trees as Mr. Sweet, who for many years was in charge of the late Hon. Vicary Gibbs' great collection at Aldenham. The size of that collection may be gauged by a remark in an interesting foreword contributed by the late Edwin Beckett, V.M.H., in which he says that the Aldenham catalogue embraced nearly 10,000 names of species, varieties and forms. The early chapters, which deal with successions of beauty throughout the four seasons, make an excellent guide for planting and grouping, and endless amusement can be had by planning on paper the many and various combinations of bloom, berry and foliage colour attainable. It is to the later chapters on pruning, however, that the reader will more frequently turn. Mr. Sweet divides the subjects into twelve "pruned alike" sections and instructs concisely and clearly; there are also numerous illustrations in the text. A chapter is devoted to climbers and wall shrubs, which we hope will be the cause of covering up many a bare wall. The remainder of the book gives practical advice on tools and pruning methods generally, and an adequate index is provided.

How We Made Our Garden is the story of the re-making of a completely derelict 2-acre garden in Scotland by a knowledgeable professional gardener, and it will serve amateurs confronted with the same task, or with the making of a garden from the raw, as a sound and useful text-book. The author's methods describe admirable economy of labour and plant material, and the intermediate uses which may be made of ground awaiting its more permanent purpose. Finding that it was impossible to continue to describe the four years' work chronologically, Mr. Harrison soon abandons that plan after giving an outline of the sequence of operations, and he divides his book into chapters, each dealing with the various plants and departments of his garden. It is to be regretted that he did not record the progress with photographs, for the illustrations in the book are commonplace, which the text is not.

Mr. Leeming lives in another world altogether, a world of adventure, where even the dung has an aroma of romance. He describes the making of his garden from waste land in Cheshire and the construction of the well, sunk, topiary and wild gardens, the pool, thatched barn, besides much else, and tells of some of the bitter and costly experiences he had. One feels that had he been just a little poorer he might have progressed more surely and have been —who knows?—just a little less sensitive. Still, in the end he attained his desires, and judging from the many full-page photogravure illustrations he has made a beautiful garden, in addition to writing a book which no doubt will be widely read by many people besides gardeners.

SHORTER NOTICE

Highways and Byways in the West Highlands. By SETON GORDON. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

This, the latest addition to the publisher's excellent Highways and Byways Series, is in every way worthy of its predecessors. Mr. Seton Gordon's descriptions of the West Highlands, good in themselves, are saturated in Highland lore, and continually the country through which we pass is brought into relation with its turbulent history. Much of it, of course, is common knowledge, but Mr. Gordon has many a good story that will be new to many of his readers. The series has been notable for the quality of its illustrations, and in the present book Sir W. Y. Cameron's drawings of Highland scenery are as charming as they are numerous. Rarely has a text of the kind been so perfectly illustrated.

About Motoring

IMPRESSIONS OF THE SPEED LIMIT

As the weeks pass, we shall gradually accumulate sufficient facts to decide whether it has enhanced the safety factor on our roads or not. As everybody knows, the first week of restriction proved entirely indecisive, and the second week evinced a quite startling reduction in serious accidents. The outstanding impressions of those owners who drive daily in crowded areas are two in number. In the first place, there was a very definite sensation of increased comfort in traversing the 30 m.p.h. areas. Prior to the imposition of the limit, such routes imposed a vigilance so intense as to amount to positive strain. We had grown so accustomed to the strain that we had become almost unconscious of its existence; but its alleviation was unmistakable when the limit descended upon us. The transformation was apparently due to the elimination of the fast drivers, who had previously elected to thread fairly thick traffic in crowded quarters at any speed which entailed constant overtaking. As soon as the limit came into force, overtaking in all such areas practically ceased. Slow horse traffic continued to be passed, but only at quite modest speeds. Now and again it was possible to overtake a van or other crawling type of motor vehicle, assuming that there was time and room to pass at 30 m.p.h. But the vast bulk of the vehicles in restricted areas are power vehicles and move at a speed so close to 30 m.p.h. that overtaking implies risks of prosecution; and amid all the wild rumours of police vans fitted with radio, of police in camouflaged lorries and other trade vehicles, such overtaking was not attempted. Traffic therefore tended to become a 28 m.p.h. queue, devoid of any will to overtake. Driving under these conditions is much easier than the kaleidoscope of a fast stream, between the elements of which overtaking is continuous, and in which isolated elements swerve and dart at forty or fifty miles an hour. Driving sensations thus instantly became far more comfortable and less strenuous, though the observers naturally were unable to decide whether any appreciable number of really perilous incidents were being eliminated. The traffic records of the second week suggest that in fact collisions were being averted at quite a good ratio. The second principal impression was that a great many restricted areas should be de-restricted forthwith; and this is being done as rapidly as a cumbrous and complicated situation allows. Beyond doubt within the next six months many hundreds of miles of road, at present subject to the 30 m.p.h. limit, will be set free.

It is necessary to append a footnote that these results, whatever their intrinsic worth, were attained in an atmosphere of efficient and ruthless enforcement. The press collaborated nobly with Mr. Hore-Belisha. Fact, fancy and fable joined hands to petrify drivers with ingenious tales of the ubiquity of the police, and the ingenuity of their spy system. For example, we were told that police, disguised in mufti, were travelling about in vans bearing the names of commercial firms; that these vans moved at a steady 30 m.p.h. and contained wireless transmitters, that a naked and undisguised police car several hundred yards ahead contained an operator with earphones, who heard from the car astern the number and description of any vehicle which overtook the 30 m.p.h. van. Never in history has a law been so scrupulously observed. Whether the limit will continue to be obeyed so meticulously in the absence of a strict police net may be questioned. But, personally, I see no difficulty, assuming that the limit really reduces the tale of deaths. The real deterrent rests partly upon the penalties imposed, and partly on the humanity of motorists, who on the average are always willing to co-operate in any sane and effective policy. The penalty entails endorsement of licences; and neither the trader nor the professional driver, nor the amateur owner, can view with complacence repeated endorsement of the driving licence, however lightly some of them regard fines of a couple of pounds. The spy system, on which enforcement must always be based, need never be comprehensive. It suffices that it should be vague, like the Post-Office vans alleged to detect the

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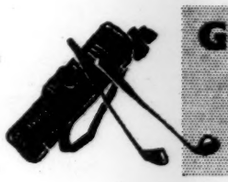

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owners of unlicensed wireless receiving sets. The vital point is that every motorist must perpetually conceive of himself as potentially under observation for obedience; it is not necessary that he should actually be under observation for even one hundredth of his annual mileage.

So far there is not the faintest suggestion that driving in the unrestricted areas has been speeded up to atone for the time lost in restricted areas. This time loss can be quite a serious affair to a man in a hurry. On the Brighton road, as at present organised, no less than 47 per cent. of the total mileage is subject to the limit, though this is a higher percentage than any other popular route can show. But no observer reports a rise in speeds on non-limited stretches. The fact is that prior to the imposition of the limit many drivers took these roads as fast as they considered to be safe, and that under the new conditions they do not wish to take them any faster, and in fact could not take them faster if they tried, without facing quite prohibitive risks. Some inconvenience is naturally being experienced by the genuine long-distance men, including those sturdy amateurs who think nothing of breakfasting at Land's End and dining in London, coupled with those more-to-be-pitied trade drivers, who take motor coaches or lorries over the long-distance routes by day or night. So far as daylight long-distance work is concerned, any hardship will be moderately eased by de-restricting the safer stretches; and at night the Minister may discover that it is both possible and wise to ease the restrictions a little, though this rational revision looks extremely awkward to organise in practice. Anyhow, who minds a little inconvenience where thousands of human lives are concerned?

All this is for the moment quite indecisive. But the early working of the great experiment at least indicates that if a 30 m.p.h. speed limit can offer any substantial contribution to safety, the practical problems are entirely soluble.

Many details demand closer attention. At present it is absurdly easy for a stranger to overlook the posts at the entrance to a limit, as they are easily blanketed by any vehicle travelling on his left. It is desirable that the whole area of a limit should be indicated, where possible, by striped markings on lamp-posts, or similar devices. The exit from many limits is equally difficult to detect, though this point is less tiresome.

R. E. DAVIDSON

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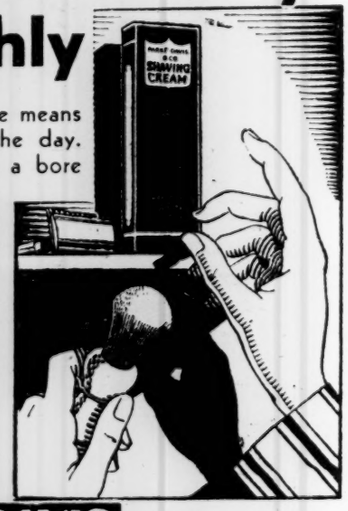
A comfortable shave means a good start to the day. If you find shaving a bore in the morning, give Parke-Davis Shaving Cream a trial. It really does soften the beard quickly and effectively, and yet protects the skin from irritation. The liberal seven-shave tube which we offer you free will confirm our claims.



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Week-end Competitions

No. 267

Set by Allan M. Laing

You are to suppose that the Government, following the lead of the new Retail Trading Standards Association, has passed an Act enforcing, under penalty, strict truthfulness in the wording of advertisements. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the most alluring puffs, conforming with the letter of the law, of second-rate goods in any one of the following categories: toothpaste, whisky, motor-car, travel tour, detective tale, vacuum cleaner, fountain pen, breakfast food, one-price tailoring, or any type of patent medicine. (Limit: 50–200 words.)

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, May 3rd.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 265

Set by Eric Partridge

I am writing a book on slang and should be glad of readers' assistance. English is often maligned as "Slango-Saxon," our fair language as "slanguage": but actually there are—or I think there are—professions and sections of life which are deficient in, rather than overladen with, slang. In view of this imputation of anaemia, readers might be glad to prove me wrong by selecting what they consider to be the five most forcible or alternatively the *five* most apposite terms and/or phrases in any *three* of these groups:

(1) Local Government;
(2) Politics;
(3) Economics and Sociology;
(4) Teaching (pupils' slang is barred);
(5) Accountancy, and if desired Insurance;
(6) Real Estate Agency and, if desired, Building Societies;
(7) Advertising;
(8) Publishing;
(9) Typing and/or Shorthand;
(10) Motoring;
(11) Cruising.

Only terms and phrases current in this our century are admissible. An accurate dating of new expressions, like the effective "etymology" of anything quaint, *might* turn the scales of justice; picturesqueness and suitability of the selected terms and adequacy of definition are, however, the primary requisites.

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by Eric Partridge

Whether it was the approach of Easter or whether NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers have achieved such purity of speech as makes me guilty of the most unseasonable sin of envy, this competition evoked very few replies. I recommend that the first prize be divided between Allan M. Laing and Alfred T. Chenhalls, and that no second prize be awarded. Since all the competitors have included certain words and phrases that are now part of the accepted or standard vocabulary, no *one* list merits publication *in toto*. But here are a few of the most picturesque and/or opposite of the terms:—

Fussy Man, the. A school-attendance officer.

On the pineapple. Parish relief. (Pun on *spike*.)

Corned Beef Island. A Corporation housing estate. ("Like bully-beef tins.")

Ginger group. Politicians actively impatient with their own party.

Fly a kite. To test public opinion by tentative measures. (From finance.)

Mopping up the miles. Speeding.

Gongster. A police speed-limit patrol. (On *gangster*. Sharp work this! The word was coined only this month.)

Pillionaire. A girl on what used to be called a "flapper-bracket."

Doodle-bug. Any cheap small car. (This from "Oblomov," who furnished the best motoring list.)

Teaser. A preliminary advertisement, specifying neither the article nor the advertiser.

Kiss. A full-stop (period).

Ear. A small advertisement appearing on each side of the title of the first page.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 122.—BODGERS

"Here's a little poser for you, Caliban," said Miranda, the eldest of the Bodger girls.

"Fire away," said I.

"You assume," began Miranda, "that you've given each of us ten shillings to spend on the others ——"

"Who's us?"

"Us four girls. Myself, Rosalind, Beatrice, and Viola. You've given each of us ten shillings to spend on the other three, and the amount each girl spends on each of the others must be either one shilling or a multiple of one shilling. We go off and spend it, and then you make some inquiries, and you find that none of us has bought two presents of the same value."

"Yes?" I said. "And what else?"

"You also find that no two of us has divided her money in the same way ——"

"—— and that each of us (put in Viola) has, nevertheless, received presents to the value of ten shillings."

"And the problem is?"

"The problem is," said Rosalind, "if I've spent twice as much on Miranda as on Viola, how much has Miranda spent on Beatrice?"

I scribbled on the back of an envelope. "It can't be done."

"Quite right," said Miranda, approvingly. "But it *can* be done if you are told that, within the limits of our data, there is only one solution."

How much has *Miranda spent on Beatrice?*

PROBLEM 120.—A POSER FROM JOAN

As Joan is the "youngest of the family," there are at least three of them. A very little experiment will show that there cannot be four.

Let their ages "last time" be a, b, c years.

Then their ages now are $a + n$, $b + n$, $c + n$ years.

Then:

$$(a + n)(b + n)(c + n) + a + b + c + 3n - (abc + a + b + c) = 1729$$

i.e., $n[n^2 + n(a + b + c) + ab + bc + ca + 3] = 1729$

whence $n = 1, 7, 13$ or 19.

Trial will show that where $n = 1$ there is no value of n consistent with the data. For clearly Joan was a small girl when the poser was first put to her. Trial will also show that there is no solution where $n = 13$ or 19.

There remains $n = 7$ which

gives (1) $a = 1, b = 4, c = 13$

(2) $a = 1, b = 6, c = 10$

(3) $a = 4, b = 5, c = 7$

Of which the first two are not admissible, since Joan could do her sum (though with difficulty) on the earlier occasion. She must then have been 4 years old.

Hence the time-interval is 7 years and

Joan is now eleven.

PROBLEM 119.—EIGHT CUBES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Miss Mary Wingate, 2 Courtfield Road, S.W.7.

Six points are awarded.

PROBLEM 113.—THEFT OF WINIFRED'S PEARLS

I have now looked into this problem again and find that (as claimed by several solvers) it is quite consistent with the data for Winifred to have been partnered by Givenchy.

Hence the answer is that Knitwit can narrow the suspects down to two: Babs and Givenchy. Further than this he cannot go.

I am obliged to those solvers who have taken the trouble to work out completed tables.

Eight points are awarded to the following: Miss S. A. Ogilvie, "Chi squared" [would this gentleman, if he must have a pseudonym, select a less worrying one?], A. J. L. Murray, J. G. Stubbs, L. G. Roussin, Arthur T. Oram, C. H. Palmer, I. C. Gilchrist, L. J. Upton, G. E. Davies, F. C. Watts, Cyril E. Ford, L. J. Alcock, Andrew Nisbet, T. S. Wetherall, S. W. Lloyd, Phillipa Wailes, A. J. Beamish, K. D. Walker, M. B. Jones, A. G. D. Watson, E. T. Ruddle, H. K. Whalley, D. Richardson, S. R. Walton, L. J. C. Connell, T. F. C. Walsh, E. Hinden, C. H. M. Wilcox, David Paige, B. C. Mozley, F. S. Webb, A. C. Goolden, Major Fletcher, L. H. A. Smith, J. R. C. Helmore, J. M. S. Whitton, F. J. Stratford, W. E. Stubbs.

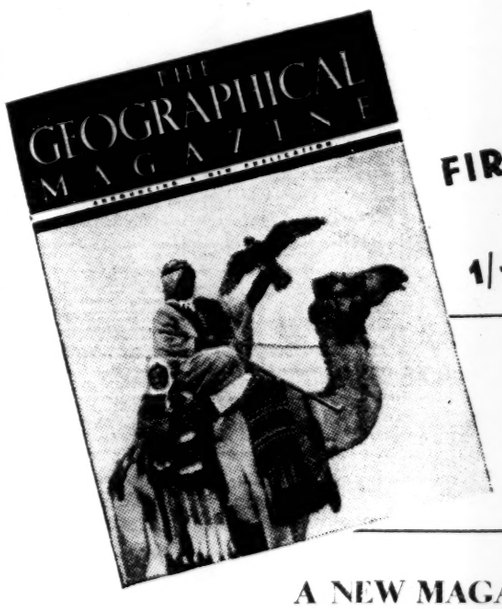
PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN



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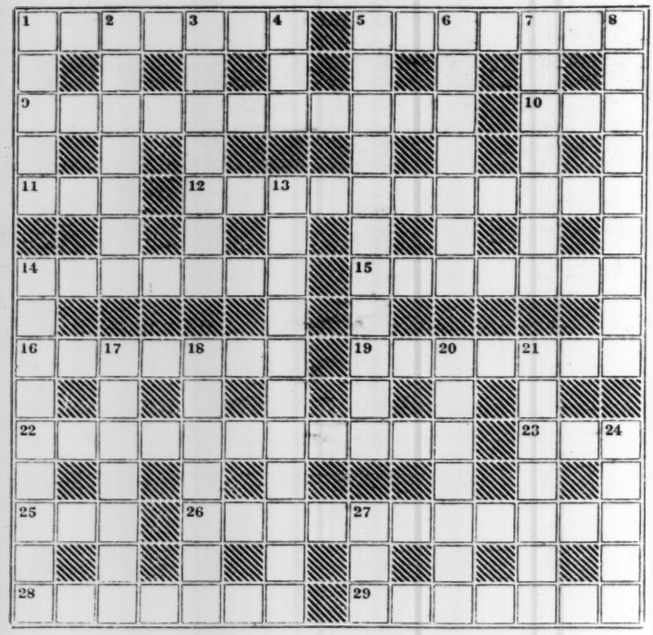
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 268

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
W. Oldham, 128, Sunningfields Road, Hendon, N.W.4

ACROSS

1. Scratches an entry for the trial?
5. To Bombay this fish is duck.
9. They make possible a light entrance.
10. A poor old fellow.
11. Anglo-Saxon folk.
12. Good shades for jockeys.
14. Sam, you are a one!
15. Alternative to a love philtre.
16. An old shoe lace.
19. They bore with their roundabout ways.
22. Stuffy time of year gamely speaking.
23 & 25. Prodigal.
26. When the conflagration gets beyond control it's a help to the rescuers.
28. Car for flighty people.
29. Signifies things.

DOWN

1. A new penny for an eastern Officer.
2. So much French rum produces an outburst of temper.
3. "Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer: Foul is most foul, being foul to be a ——."
4. When out of the tree often follows a verb.
5. Rushes under the slope.
6. Moving parts of one's body.
7. How politicians put things off till to-morrow.
9. Where the stair carpet goes over the limit.
13. He patronises th English.
14. A choice naturi to Darwin.
17. Wreck the porc with it.
18. Hamlet instructed Horat to give this note t the King at th play.
20. An endless ani mal.
21. What one see at the Oval.
24. Useful for home ly flower shows.
27. It is now "i tiny leaf."

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

S	L	E	D	G	E	■	G	U	N	B	O	A	T	S
T	■	N	■	R	■	■	■	N	■	E	■	B	■	T
A	C	T	I	O	N	■	M	I	L	L	R	A	C	E
M	■	R	■	U	■	A	■	T	■	O	■	T	■	L
P	L	A	I	N	■	F	R	E	E	W	H	E	E	L
A	■	C	■	D	■	R	■	■	■	■	D	■	A	
C	U	T	I	N	■	I	N	K	P	E	N	■	■	
T	■	E	■	U	■	C	■	E	■	N	■	Y	■	F
■	■	■	A	T	L	A	S	T	■	D	R	A	C	O
S	■	S	■	■	■	■	■	T	■	O	■	R	■	N
W	A	T	E	R	F	A	L	L	■	F	A	D	E	D
E	■	A	■	E	■	R	■	E	■	T	■	A	■	A
E	X	T	R	E	M	E	S	■	P	E	R	R	O	N
T	■	E	■	D	■	T	■	■	■	R	■	M	■	T
S	I	D	E	S	T	E	P	■	A	M	U	S	E	S

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PEEL, Isle of Man
BORROWDALE, English Lake District
ONICH, Scottish Highlands
LLANFAIRFECHAN, N. Wales
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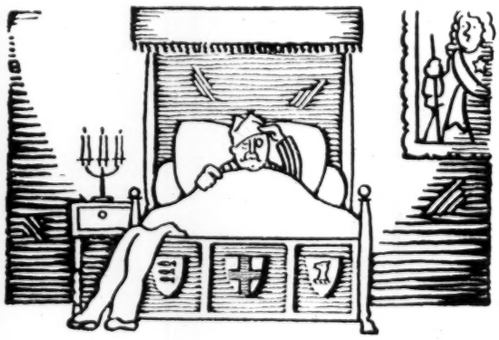

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

AMERICAN RECOVERY—WALL STREET PROSPECTS—NEW GOLD MINING SURTAX AND ITS EFFECTS—A REVIEW

MAJOR LL. B. ANGAS, in sending me the proofs of his monetary magnum opus to read, writes: "I am just off to New York to watch the boom start." I am intrigued by his use of the words "to watch." Perhaps he admits that the boom will take a long time to develop, but I cannot believe that Major Angas will be content merely to watch. Boom or not, the New York stock market is due for a recovery if only because money becomes cheaper and cheaper and bank credit larger and larger. I am told that the cost of Government short-term borrowing is now actually less than the cost of printing and issuing new currency notes. Investment money is bound to over-flow from bonds into equity stocks before long. After all, business profits are not so bad, in spite of the huge unemployment figures. The National City Bank of New York reports that the combined net profits, less deficits, of 1,935 manufacturing trading, utility and financial companies, increased in 1934 from $1,314 millions to $1,733 millions, a rise of 32 per cent., and the average rate of return from 2.6 per cent. to 3.6 per cent. There were 100 individual manufacturing and trading companies reporting an improvement to every 44 making a poorer showing. It is true that the improvement was gained largely in the first half of 1934. Business fell off badly in the second half of 1934, but under the lead of the motor industry some recovery is now being made. The continued prosperity of the automobile industry is difficult for the pessimists to explain except on the ground that too liberal allowances are being made for used cars, the stocks of which are rapidly increasing. The output of new motor vehicles for the first half of 1935 is estimated at no less than 2,275,000 units, an increase of about 25 per cent. over that of 1934. The industry deserves its success, for the new cars are amazingly good value—in American currency.

* * *

There are, of course, unpleasant features in the American business situation. The outlook for cotton, for example, is black. But public attention is now centred in the Works Relief Act. The attempted expenditure of $4,800 millions of public money in the next twelve months can hardly fail to stimulate trade and swell company profits. It only requires an "inflation" psychology to make Wall Street active. For the moment sentiment is still subdued, but if the report is true that the Utilities Holding Bill is to have its big teeth drawn, Wall Street may recover its nerves and stage a recovery. The following shares will probably move with the market, but if the Utilities Holding Bill is made innocuous, the greatest potential rise is offered by North American:

	Last Financial Year		Present Dividend Rate	1934/5		Present Price.	Yield
	Earnings per sh.	Dividends.	$	High.	Low.		%
General Motors ...	1.99	1.00	1.00 + 0.50 extra	42	24⅝	30¼	3.25 on $1.
Chrysler Motor	2.19	1.25	1.00 + 0.25 extra.	60⅛	29⅞	37⅜	3.32 on $1.25.
Commercial Solvents ...	0.89	0.60	0.60	26⅛	16⅛	21¼	2.80
Standard Brands ...	1.06	1.00	1.00	25⅛	14⅛	15⅜	6.50
Continental Can ...	4.02	2.00§	2.40	‡	‡	73	3.29
North American Company	1.01	0.37½†	1.00	25⅛	9	15⅛	4.76 on 75 cents

† And 1% common stock dividend.
‡ Common stock dividend has been paid.
§ And common stock dividend of 50 cents.

* * *

If Mr. Havenga, the South African Finance Minister, does not quite kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, he does his best to make its life unbearable. The gold-mining industry is, on the whole, a patient and kind-hearted goose. It has suffered violent changes in its taxation diet and still manages to flourish. It has seen 50 per cent. of its excess profits (as defined by a complicated formula) confiscated by the Government, and when it finds a way of dodging the surtax by milling lower-grade ore and speeding up capital expenditure on development work, it is circumvented again by an additional impost. Thus, last month Mr. Havenga levied a surcharge of 35 per cent. on the existing excess profits tax because the golden eggs last year yielded £1,000,000 less than he had anticipated. On March 9th I pointed out that this surcharge would probably increase the incentive to mill lower-grade ore because "excess profits" are calculated on the "per ton" basis. Mr. Havenga has suddenly woken up to the same fact. He has now abandoned the surcharge of 35 per cent. and has substituted a "Gold Mine Profit *Surtax*" of 10 per cent without any allowances or set-offs. Normal income tax and excess profits duty will remain as before, and in calculating excess profits duty the mines will be allowed first to deduct the normal income tax, but not the new surtax of 10 per cent. The profits of the mines for the whole of 1935 will be taxed on the new basis. The change is upsetting both to the managements and shareholders, but it should not affect the total sum to be derived by the Government from gold mining taxation. Mr. Havenga's promise holds good—that for three years he will not exact from the gold mining industry a sum greater than one-half of the excess profits accruing from the rise in the price of gold above 85*s.* per fine ounce. Nevertheless, the incidence of the new 10 per cent surtax is uneven. Crown Mines continues to be badly hit. Randfontein might be damaged seeing that, by reducing the grade of ore milled, it had almost avoided the excess profits duty. The management can, however, increase the grade of ore. The average grade of the ore reserves at the end of 1934 was 4.7 dwt. The grade treated in March was 3.42 dwt. If the grade were raised to only 3.7 dwt. the profits available for dividends and capital expenditure with gold at 143*s.* per ounce, costs at 17*s.* 5*d.* per ton and an annual tonnage of 4,200,000 tons, would be 5*s.* 4½*d.* per share. The next table shows the effect on four of the leading mines of the new 10 per cent. surtax on the assumption that the 1935 profits will be four times the actual profits realised in the March quarter:—

(Average Price of Gold: 143/– per oz.)

March Quarter, 1935:	Consolidated Main Reef.	Crowns.	Geduld.	Randfontein
	000's omitted.			
Tons crushed	336	923	275	1,016
Gross Profit	£156	£819	£367	£388
Normal Income Tax (20%)	£31	£164	£73	£77
Excess Profits Tax on 1934 formula ...	£27	£199	£86	£29
10% Sur-Tax on gross Mining Profit ...	£16	£82	£36	£38
Total Taxation	£74	£445	£195	£133
Net Profit available for Capital Expenditure (less Rebate of Excess Profits Tax) and Dividends	£82	£374	£172	£252
Ditto per share (for the quarter) ...	£.064	£.198	£.118	£.062
Equivalent rate *per share per annum* ...	5/1½	15/10	9/5½	5/–
‡Add estimated amount per sh. in respect of shareholding in East Geduld ...			3/8	
			13/1	

On the basis of the dividends which could be paid if this calculation proves to be accurate, the four shares would return the following yields at present market prices:

	Price.	Last Div.	Est. Div.	Yield % on Estimated Dividend
Cons. Main Reef, £1 ..	3 1/16	5/–	5/–	£7 3 0
Crown Mines, 10/– ..	14 1/32	18/–	15/9	£6 6 0
Geduld, £1	10¾	14/–	13/–	£6 14 9
Randfontein, £1	56/–	3/6	4/6	£9 1 0

Some rebate of excess profits tax is allowable on account of capital expenditures, but it is not possible to make any close estimate. The tables, therefore, show the worst that can happen with gold at 143/–.

* * *

The most readable of the eight essays in *Studies in Capital and Investment** by members of the New Fabian Research Bureau are those by Mr. H. D. Dickinson and Mr. G. D. H. Cole on "The Failure of Economic Industrialism" and "The Evolution of Joint Stock Enterprise." The theory of this book is better than its practice. The financial system, as we know it, would certainly cease to function under Messrs. Francis Williams, Ernest Davies and E. A. Radice. Mr. Williams would like to see the insurance companies and investment trusts ultimately absorbed by a National Investment Board. Mr. E. A. Radice would like to tie up the National Investment Board with the routine financial work of the Treasury, such as the management of the debt and the issuing of Government loans. Mr. Ernest Davies would make foreign investment under Socialism a Government prerogative—presumably another job for the National Investment Board. The poor N.I.B. would obviously die of over-work and worry. Mr. E. S. Watkins' suggestion for the amalgamation and control of the building societies was more practical and reasonable, but on the whole I am confident that both public and private investment under these reformers' would break down. I cannot end this criticism without a word of protest at the painful English which the editor has occasionally passed (the worst sentence is by himself on p. 83), and at the coining of the word "percentagely."

* STUDIES IN CAPITAL AND INVESTMENT. Edited by G. D. H. Cole with an introduction by Dr. Addison. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

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